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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

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# Theatre Magazine

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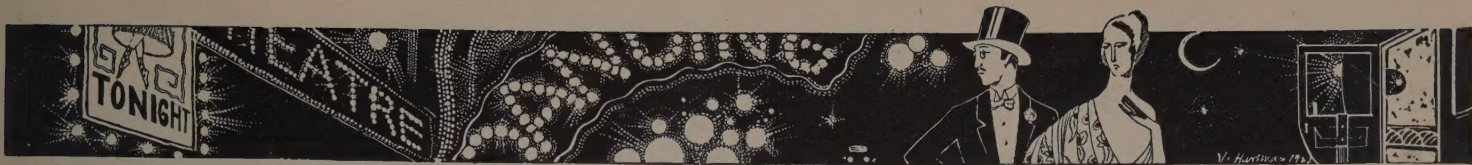


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## THE PLAY GUIDE

Greetings and a Happy New Year from the Play Guide and may it continue to have the privilege of assisting you in hitting some of the high spots in this happy hunting ground of a city

SOMEONE on whom my brain cannot put its mental finger at the moment has said there are two kinds of people, those who on seeing a crowd at once make for it and those who ditto ditto, turn and march the other way.

If you belong to the former class, you will want to go to the Mayflower Grill in the Hotel Roosevelt, where Ben Bernie and his orchestra hold forth, for it is certainly a popular spot. Below are listed the reasons why.

Because of Ben Bernie and his singing orchestra, to begin with.

Because there is only one row of tables rimming the sunken dance floor, so that you step directly onto the floor from the balcony.

Because for the waltz, the room is darkened . . . that is, the side lights are put out and only the two large search-lights in the center left, across which are shifted colored slides.

Because, *enfin*, the food is frightfully good and the service all that is most efficient.

### AND SPEAKING OF CROWDS

THE Club Mirador seems to be the favored choice of after-the-theatre clubs with the ultra-smart people, and so far this season has escaped the padlock. Any night, reading from right to left, yields a long list of who's whos among the clientele. Asking one in the know to account for this, we were informed that it was largely due to the appearance at the Mirador of that famous dancing team, Moss and Fontana, who built up their vogue originally in London.

They are offering in dance pantomime for the evening's entertainment that *drame d'Apache*, featured for many years in reviews and vaudeville, with its thrilling *dénouement* of the lover dancing, for the befuddlement of the police, with the dead body of his sweetheart. Though we have not seen this dance ourself, we have heard most glowing accounts of it, and from very high authority, which would seem to settle Moss and Fontana's place as artists of the first water.

### UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH

WHEN you come to New York, if you are interested in American antiques, you will be well compensated by paying a visit to the Colonial Cottage, which is unique among antique shops. It is perched on top the Textile Building at Thirty-first Street and Fifth Avenue—a bungalow showing the furnishings in their proper settings, "parlor, bedroom and bath," as one might see them in real life.

Two charming and intelligent women have it in charge, and their exquisite taste in selection is registered in every article shown. There is so much that is out of the ordinary . . . in the chairs, the chintzes, the colored glass, the hook rugs. We saw one delightful example of the latter done on linen, which produced a pattern at once rich and fine. And a small candle-stand in cherry, with peg and holes for adjusting the height, the like of which we had never seen before.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

## MARK STRAND

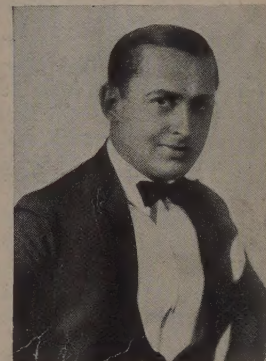
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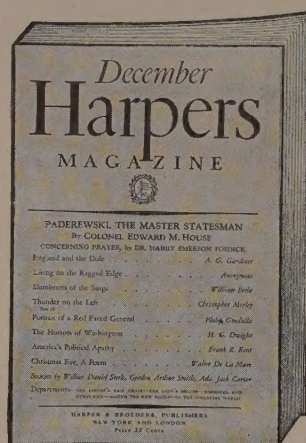
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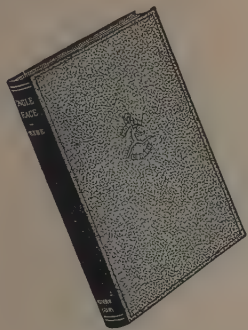
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2. Any regularly enrolled college student in the United States is eligible to compete in this contest.
3. The basis on which these prizes will be awarded will be

- a. Dramatic judgment displayed
- b. Quality of the humorous or serious content of the article
- c. Dramatic knowledge displayed
- d. Clarity of expression
- e. Appearance of the manuscript (manuscripts must be typewritten on one side of the sheet only)

4. Maximum number of words allowed for answering each question is one hundred (100).

5. No entry will be barred because of being entirely humorous nor because it is serious in tone. The judges feel that the type of expression depends entirely upon the individual's reaction to the actor, actress and play discussed. The favorite actor or actress selected may have appeared in tragedy, comedy or musical comedy. It is not necessary that the actor or actress selected shall have appeared during the past year. Only in the third question is the choice limited to plays performed during 1925.

6. Employees of THEATRE MAGAZINE and their families are barred from competing in this contest.

7. Contestants must state name and address, college and class plainly on the manuscript.

8. No manuscript will be returned, it being understood that it remains the property of THEATRE MAGAZINE. If, however, any article other than the prize-winning ones is published, THEATRE MAGAZINE will pay for it at the regular rates.

9. All entries to be counted must be received by us not later than February 1st, 1926. Prize winners will be announced and their answers printed in the March, 1926, issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE—out February 20th.

10. Judges of the contest will be Arthur Hornblow, Editor of THEATRE MAGAZINE; Lawton Mackall, editor and author; and Gilbert Seldes, critic. The decision of the judges will be final in each case and no explanatory correspondence will be entered upon.

11. Address all entries to:

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EACH month THEATRE MAGAZINE grows in importance as the leading organ of the American stage. No month passes in which THEATRE MAGAZINE does not add some famous writer to its long list of distinguished contributors. With a rich background in which figure some of the greatest theatrical personages in history, the MAGAZINE keeps abreast of the times, reflecting in its interesting articles and reviews what is best and most significant, not only in our theatre but the Continental stage as well. You cannot afford to miss the February number.

## FAMOUS NEW CONTRIBUTOR

THEATRE MAGAZINE is pleased to announce that by special arrangement and beginning with the February issue, St. John Ervine, brilliant international figure in the world of letters, whose dramatic criticisms, novels and plays have won him fame all over the world, will begin a series of special monthly articles for this publication. Mr. Ervine, whose two splendid dramas, *Jane Clegg* and *John Ferguson*, won him great popularity in this country several seasons ago, needs no introduction. What he says will be sure to interest American theatregoers, for Mr. Ervine is thoroughly cosmopolitan. The New York, London, Paris stage, the theatres of Berlin and Budapest are equally familiar to him, and readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE will be fascinated by his wealth of information and the sparkling freshness of his style.

## FREE SPEECH AND PRIM PRINT

THE ever-increasing tendency to greater license on the American stage in the way of crudity and grossness of speech and salaciousness, not to say indecency, of situation, is a condition that has inspired Mr. Gilbert Gabriel, the brilliant dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Sun*, to write an article for THEATRE MAGAZINE entitled *Free Speech and Prim Print*. The author wonders how far the producer dare go in his present course, and asks why language which is taboo in the columns of decent newspapers is permitted when spoken by actors on the boards of New York theatres. A carefully considered and well-reasoned article on a subject that to-day everyone is discussing. This is the first of a series of articles on the present-day theatre that Mr. Gabriel will contribute from time to time for our pages.

## THE MYSTERIOUS BOX-OFFICE

WHILE THEATRE MAGAZINE at all times gives attention to the more serious problems of our theatre, it also strives to cater to readers whose interest in the theatre is not so academic. In other words, we want to tell our friend, the man in the street, the many things he wants to know

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JANUARY, 1926

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about the mysterious world of the theatre. Take the simple matter of the box-office, for example. How are tickets sold? Why is the man at the box-office window so grouchy? There are a thousand and one little episodes of human interest that occur every day in every theatre lobby and an entertaining article entitled *The Face at the Box-Office Window* will tell you all about it in the February issue.

## AN ARTICLE BY NOEL COWARD

OF course, you've seen *The Vortex* and you were astonished at the sophistication, the skill which this brilliant young English playwright has shown in writing this play which has literally taken Broadway by storm. Although only twenty-six years old, Mr. Coward shows in his work not only remarkable versatility and knowledge of the theatre, but also a world-wisdom which would be extraordinary in a man twice his age. Although engaged on several new plays which he is rehearsing all day, and acting at night, Mr. Coward has found time to write an article for the February THEATRE on the stage he knows so well.

## THE CLASSIC STAGE

WALTER HAMPDEN to-day is almost alone in this country in raising aloft the Shakespearian banner. In a few years he has established himself as the leader of the American theatre and is now permanently established in a Broadway theatre bearing his name. It is on the subject of the new note in the theatre that Mr. Hampden has written a highly interesting article for the February issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

## OUR DEPARTMENTS

NO branch of the theatre is neglected by this publication. The Opera, the Dance, the Films all receive attention in the various departments of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

MUSIC: All the important operas and concerts are reviewed with news of the great figures in the musical world.

RADIO: This new field, which is so closely and subtly connected with the theatre, is covered by an expert on the subject.

COLLEGE CONTEST: We have now instituted a contest with money prizes which will be of interest to all college undergraduates. Particulars can be found on page 3 of this issue.

FASHIONS: The latest modes worn by stars of stage and screen. Beautiful pictures illustrating the most enchanting of garments.

THE AMATEUR STAGE: The plays written and produced by all the Little Theatres, not only in America but in such far distant places as India and China, are mentioned in this interesting department.





Strauss-Peyton

EVELYN HERBERT

*In the Title-Rôle of "Princess Flavia," the Shuberts' Superb Production of Romberg's Operetta*



ARTHUR HORNBLow, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gilbert Seldes, Ben Kaye, Lawton Mackall, Gordon Whyte, Burr Cook



## The Editor's Uneasy Chair

### *The Guilders Should Watch Their Step*

IF the Theatre Guild expects to retain the place its past achievements have won for it in the regard of New York's playgoing *intelligentsia*, something must be done by its management to prevent the recurrence of *The Glass Slipper* blunder. The Guild has educated its subscribers to expect the unusual, the boldly unconventional in the plays it imports from Continental Europe, and in which it has largely specialized, but there are limits beyond which persons with ordinary decent instincts decline to go, no matter how keen their craving for the daring and the bizarre. Many worthy Guilders are of opinion that *The Glass Slipper* oversteps the bounds of good taste. Since the opening performances the piece, we understand, has been subjected to a deodorizing process, many of the most offensive lines having been deleted. But it is impossible to whitewash effectively what is rotten all the way through. The place for this Molnar play is not the laundry but the garbage can. Much remains that will hardly bear scrutiny, from the lecherous landlady who lusts for her gentlemen boarders, one of whom she calls "a pimp" to his face, to the widow in weeds who conducts a brothel and proudly boasts that her house enjoys the best *clientèle* in Budapest. The play is not only foul in its situations and lines. It is dull, pointless, inartistic. Yet one New York critic, noted more for his enthusiasms than his judgment, burst into print after seeing it: "I wanted to ring all the bells in the steeples and bid the people come out and dance." Ring the bells—yes—but not to dance. Rather to summon the street-cleaning department to turn on the hose. The Theatre Guild is supposed to have a reading committee which passes finally on all plays considered for production. Was the committee asleep when it O. K.'d *The Glass Slipper*? Or is the Guild reading committee like most other committees, a merely perfunctory body, with one man's will prevailing at the end? In any event, it behooves the Guild to look to its policy. A few more such plays and the subscribers may have something to say.

### *Usher—The Throat Spray, Please*

WHY do people cough in the theatre? "Because," glibly explain the offenders, "we have colds." That is the usual stock excuse. Half the time, however, there is no cold at all, but only an annoying, disgusting habit which has so grown upon the culprit that he is really unaware of the fact that he is making himself a general nuisance. If it is a genuine case of a cold, then that again is no excuse. People who have colds should stay home. That is the proper place for you, not a theatre where the draughts may make your condition worse and where your vocal discordances distract and annoy your neighbors and interfere with their enjoyment of the play. Some evenings it is quite impossible to hear a word of what the actors are saying for the incontinent barking in all directions. In fact, the outbreak of throat noises does not usually set in in force until the curtain goes up, and then there is such a barrage of coughs and sneezes, right and left, that the players' lines are

entirely drowned under tidal waves of weird and disconcerting sound.

Two remedies, of course, at once suggest themselves. One is that each lady usher be armed with a throat spray filled with some quick-action cough mixture. At the first alarm—or rather cough—the usher should come to attention with her throat spray at the charge. Having determined the direction of the noise and singled out the offender, she should move towards him or her, place the spray in the patient's mouth and pump for dear life. Another remedy—somewhat more drastic—is that, somewhere in the theatre, as far removed from the auditorium as possible, there should be a padded room to which the coughers could be taken, gently if possible, forcibly if must be, and left there to cough to their heart's content until the play is over.

### *Good Wine Needs No Bush*

AN actress refusing to have her name displayed in electric lights over a theatre entrance is something unheard of in the annals of the stage. Usually it is the other way round. Incompetence pushes itself into the limelight, blows its own horn and by sheer noise and brazen effrontery leads the public to mistake spurious art for genuine. Mediocrities are exploited in this fashion by overenthusiastic managers whose one object is to lure the public to the box-office.

True talent is more modest. It shrinks from undue publicity and bombast. The sensitive artist who declined the honor of electric display is Ann Harding, a comparative newcomer on Broadway but a young player of unusual beauty, sincerity and naturalness whose beautiful performance as the schoolmistress in *Stolen Fruit* at the Eltinge is one of the really worth-while things the present season has given us. Miss Harding refuses to do any of the things stars love to do. She won't give her "views" on anything. She won't pose for fashion advertisements. Nor does she like to hear herself styled a star. In short, a genuine artist not willing to humbug the theatregoing public, but ready to let success or failure depend on merit alone.

### *The O'Neill and Belasco Rapprochement*

THE news that David Belasco will produce Eugene O'Neill's play, *Marco Polo*, is interesting from more than one point of view. Firstly, because America's foremost producer is about to stage a play written by America's foremost playwright. Secondly, because Mr. Belasco is known never to have had much sympathy with the Little Theatre movement—the movement of which Mr. O'Neill is a distinguished product. But David Belasco is too shrewd a man of the theatre, too intelligent a producer, too close in touch with the public trend of the moment not to be keenly alive to the possibilities of the virile school of native drama which O'Neill represents at its best. We can be sure that when Belasco makes the production of *Marco Polo*, we shall see O'Neill presented with a thoroughness and an attention to detail as never before.





Nicholas Haz

#### DESHA: IN THE MANNER OF GRISI

*Lightly poised in the graceful, foamlike skirts of the pre-emancipated ballet, this popular artist upsets the "breakfast-club" notion that the dance was invented solely for the purpose of focusing the spotlight on unadorned knees and adjacent territory*



# Eugene O'Neill—His Place in the Sun

*A Playwright of Great Originality and Power, but Lacking in the Essentials of True Greatness*

By HILMA ENANDER

SOMEWHERE, in the long ago, an old Greek poet said that excellence dwelt among rocks hardly accessible and that a man had almost to wear his heart out before he could reach her. Matthew Arnold had the same thought in mind when he declared that the growing greatness and the influence of the United States brought with it some danger to a high ideal. "The average man is too much a religion there," he warned; "his performance is unduly magnified, his shortcomings are not duly seen and admitted." It is, therefore, difficult to approach a writer who is now enjoying a prodigious vogue and, in the very face of his passionate worshippers, judge his work in that fair-minded and disinterested fashion which is the only way to judge if one wishes to retain the right standard of excellence. But it is not only because of his admirers that the task is hard, for Eugene O'Neill has, perhaps, been overpraised to a degree apparent to even the unthinking. It is difficult also because of the man's own qualities which, being of a peculiar and subtle character, persuade the ordinarily unsparing critic to drift aimlessly about until at length he, like the thousand and one other worshippers, is stranded on the shoals of unguarded admiration. For such is the power of this gifted dramatist.

Eugene Gladstone O'Neill is, at present, one of our American superstitions. He is the one to whom we look when we think of the Great American Play. He is the one who will eventually represent, at its best, the American drama of this generation. Other playwrights may have power and eloquence; a few may boast of depth and feeling; still fewer possess that most important quality of all—sympathetic imagination; but Eugene O'Neill, unlike the others, has all these qualities combined and, although he has confined them, perhaps because of his youth, to rather narrow limits, nevertheless the elements of true greatness are there. With will and strength and the grace of God, he may yet reach the pinnacle of the poet's dream, and the American drama take its place in the sun.

IT was Wilde who said that "a critic should be taught to criticize a work of art without making any reference to the personality of the author." One feels that this is very apt. It is good advice. One is almost inclined to take Wilde at his word and to adopt his admirable system. Still,

in the case of O'Neill, one instinctively feels that such a course would be hard to follow, for the life of this incorrigible drifter is so interwoven with the varied scenes he depicts in his sketches, that one can hardly imagine them separated from each other. Yet, on the other hand, what can one conclude even after a survey of this writer's life? What can one say of this young man, educated at La Salle Institute and Betts Academy, with a desultory dose of Princeton; this mining engineer, stalking through Central America; this

mense storehouse of historical material piled up for hundreds and hundreds of years in the building of other nations. We have, in consequence, no traditions and no folk lore, properly speaking. We have no aristocracy, that is, no aristocracy such as Europe has and has had for generation upon generation. We have no castes. There are no upper or lower or middle classes here. Indeed, our classes mingle so freely and so promiscuously that we can hardly establish any definite social standard. So the fact that our drama appears

transparent to the European mind should cause no surprise. It is only natural and logical that such should be the effect. Nor should the second fault ascribed to our plays arouse much comment when we remember that the main object of the American playwright is to produce a good-acting rather than a good-reading play. Thomas may not have a thought worth remembering, but he plays up infinitely better than Shaw.

But it is when we come to Eugene O'Neill that we find a strange anomaly—a sort of an exception to the general rule of American playwrights. For here is a dramatist who avoids the beaten paths of Fitch and Sheldon and who sets up a new creed of his own. Here is a man who can write a play with very little movement in it and yet make it a good

acting proposition. Here is a writer who, though classified as an American dramatist, makes his initial reputation through plays in which there is absolutely no national background whatever. Who can explain his early popularity in this country—a popularity well assured even before he attempted to depict any American scene? Shall we ascribe it to the American love for the strange, the new, the untried, for surely O'Neill embodied all these qualities in his early sketches? Or shall we blame it to the inexpressible lure of O'Neill's own particular background? Is it the spell of the tropics that enthalls us? I am rather inclined to the latter theory.

FOR the tropical island enmeshes one's imagination. It entangles one's very reason with its seductive lure. Who has gone down the Cobra River and drifted along the shores of Bog Walk in a flat punt and not heard the music of the stars? Those stretches of heavy trees, hearselike in their draperies against the sky! Those bamboo clumps—the click of their stems—

(Continued on page 56)



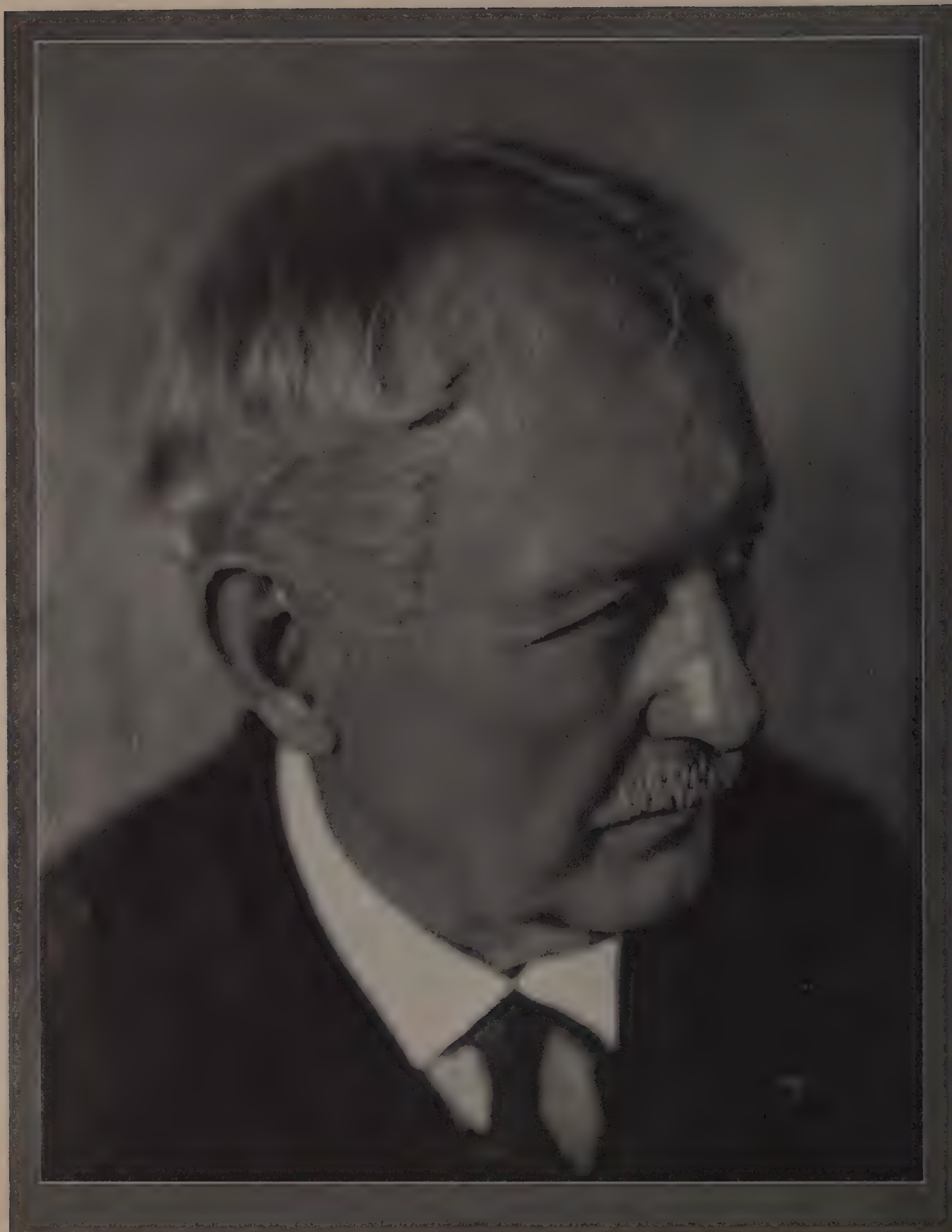
Murray

The author of *Desire Under the Elms*, *The Hairy Ape*, *Anna Christie*, etc., will have two new plays on Broadway this season—*Marco Polo*, to be presented by Belasco and *The Fountain*, seen at the Greenwich Village Theatre

stage manager, producing plays for New York audiences; this wanderer, drifting in a cattle steamer towards South America; this reporter slaving for a newspaper; this playwright seeking a better means of expression through the inevitable Harvard? What can be said of such a many-sided man? What is he? A sailor under the moon of the Caribbees? A poet sensing what lies beyond the horizon? A practical man? A dreamer? Or is he all in one—some strange conglomeration of those overburdened souls we find in so many of his plays? Perhaps Wilde was right after all. Let the man's work speak for him!

It is a well-known fact that the Europeans look upon the American drama as being rather thin, not only in richness of background, but also in literary excellence. Our plays almost invariably impress them as being too obvious, too open, too unsatisfying to the thinking mind. This criticism is only just. Our drama reflects only our national life, and our national life, it must be remembered, has no background, or very little background, if the brief outline of our country's growth be compared to the im-





Florence Vandamm

### THE PRODUCERS. NO. 3: HENRY W. SAVAGE

Had this well-known impresario done nothing else, his name would live in the annals of the American theatre as the man who first produced in this country "The Merry Widow." In 1900 Mr. Savage brought his highly successful Castle Square company to the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Later he introduced grand opera in English with Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" and "The Girl of the Golden West"; he also made an immense production of Wagner's "Parsifal." Then followed a period of great activity, with such productions as "The Prince of Pilsen," "The College Widow," "The Sultan of Sulu," "Everywoman," "Madame X," etc. This year he is presenting Ann Harding in "Stolen Fruit"



# Where I Get My Play Ideas

How "The Enemy" Took Shape While Playing Mahjongg With Black-Robed Monks

By CHANNING POLLOCK

Author of "The Fool," "The Enemy," etc.

"WHERE do you get ideas?"

Every mail brings this question to every author.

Every man who ever wrote a success and who, therefore, must have been sued for plagiarism, might be expected to reply: "I steal 'em." However, that isn't really an answer, since it only sends the questioner farther on toward the original source.

George Bernard Shaw, annoyed at the query, "Where do you get ideas?" is reputed to have responded: "I pick 'em out of dust heaps!" and this comes nearer the truth. No one can say where he gets ideas. They show up in the most unexpected places. You find them hidden in hotel rooms, and lying unnoticed upon the sidewalk, and appearing in the conversation of the worst bore of your acquaintance. I have known authors to seek them at the ends of the earth, while, all the time, they lay waiting in the kitchen sink. That is why it doesn't do for any author to evade a pest or an experience.

The idea of my twenty-fifth play, *The Enemy*, which seems to me the most important idea on which I ever worked, and which is about to be made known in four capitals, came to me, in its final form, wearing monastic robes into the dining saloon of a small steamer bound from New York to Palermo. With my wife and daughter, my uncle and two friends I was en route to Algeria, Tunis and Egypt. We had specified a table for five, and, when we arrived for dinner, just after sailing, were not too pleased to find that our party had come to include an elderly friar, whose name proved to be Peter Klotz.

My wife stirred me to courtesy, and, within the next few days, I had found our uninvited companion to be a most delightful person. An Austrian by birth, an anthropologist of no mean standing, the author of several books, Dr. Klotz, then resident at a monastery at Krems, on the Donau, proved to be as simple and engaging as a child. He had a passion for shuffleboard, and we used to get up at sunrise to be first at the discs. One morning I found him copying the diagram in his note-book. The game would be such a capital pastime for long Winter evenings in the great hall of the monastery. Many a Winter evening since has given me a smiling picture of that great hall and robed figures playing shuffleboard!

DR. KLOTZ knew thousands of things I shall never know and was ignorant of dozens that are familiar to every schoolboy. I recollect his coming into possession of a picture of Paolo and Francesca at a charity raffle and begging

an embarrassed little French girl to tell him the story. He was bringing several crates of cast-off clothing from Australia to starving and freezing children in Vienna and was full of surprise and gratitude when I arranged that these should be franked across the ocean. It was this quality of mercy, dropping as "the gentle rain from heaven" upon my dormant conviction of



Channing Pollock, today one of the most successful of American dramatists, is the author of twenty-five plays, the best-known of which is *The Fool*, a drama exposing the hypocrisies of a smug, make-believe Christianity, which has been performed to packed houses all over the United States and translated into many foreign languages. It was its author's first big money success, his profits being calculated at \$300,000 from this one play alone. A new drama from his pen, *The Enemy*, based on the idea that the real enemy is hate, that men do not want to fight but are pushed on to war by unscrupulous politicians, is now running at the Liberty in this city and will shortly be done in London.

the unreasonable nature of all hatreds, that moistened the seed of *The Enemy* and caused it to burst and blossom.

We talked of those Viennese children one night, and Dr. Klotz told me of their dire plight, and, without animosity, of the numbers of people he had met abroad who included these babies with the common foe and were unwilling to help them. After all, the babies were German babies, and would grow up to join the allies of Germany. I wondered at such implacability. "How," asked the doctor, "how could one persuade people of its wickedness and cruelty?"

My mind reverted to a favorite book of my youth.

"By the method of Jonathan Swift," I answered. "By turning the tables. By making them imagine themselves the fathers and mothers of the babies, and rousing their righteous indignation at the people who wouldn't help. Pity is born of imagination. No driver capable of putting himself in the place of his horse whips the animal across an icy pavement."

Dr. Klotz agreed, and then and there I decided upon writing *The Enemy*, and that, in writing it, I should put us in the

place of the foe, and show how they regarded us—how we appeared through their eyes.

As a first step I went to Vienna—that was in 1920—but I shan't dilate upon what I saw there, because that would fill a book, and because I have already summarized it in a play. When I returned to Vienna in 1924, Dr. Klotz—by that time my very dear friend—had become abbot of the fifth-century monastery of St. Peter at Salzburg. It is an interesting old pile, this monastery, much visited by tourists, who, of course, never get into its innermost heart, but who are shown its treasures; conducted to its chapels, cut out of the solid rock when Christian worship was forbidden by the Romans; and lunch in its hospitable "keller." After a month of my note-books in Vienna, I went to stay with Dr. Klotz, and it was in a cell in St. Peter's, not too warm or comfortable in February, that I wrote the first words of *The Enemy*.

Some day I shall go back to spend a year with Dr. Klotz—perhaps even to finish my life there. Where else could one hope to find such conditions for labor? The very thought of complete divorce from practical considerations, from the need of making or the opportunity of spending money, frees one's work from the dross of compromise and self-seeking. Upon the surface of a mind undisturbed and tranquil, unruffled by the rush of the outside world, unoccupied by the myriad minor things of every day, untroubled by mail and telephone and affairs, working simply in utter simplicity, the lightest fancies trace themselves rapidly and indelibly. Never before did I suspect the thralldom of little things; of the small imaginary necessities of "civil" life and habit; of friends for luncheon, and dressing for dinner, and being sure that your motor has had its regular dose of oil. What important thoughts are crowded out by these non-essentials; what valuable time is given them; what do we not sell to buy what we do not need or even want?

AT St. Peter's we rose at four in the morning. A shock at first, like the first cold bath, but, like that, afterward how delightful! "Aurora is the friend of the Muses." For work, always my best hour has been the first hour I am awake; I slump as the day goes on. Perhaps most people do. Perhaps that is why most people are fit only for such silly things in the evening. At any rate, down in the Austrian mountains, with the air like wine, and the sun rising behind a Maxfield Parrish castle upon a crag, is a thing never to

(Continued on page 58)



# Accidents Will Happen

*Queer Things That Sometimes Occur on the Stage, Often With Fatal Results to the Show*

By ARCHIE BELL

ACCIDENTS will happen in the best theatres! Playwrights, actors and managers know that mishaps are inevitable and they live in constant fear, while a performance is in progress, that something will "go wrong." The raising of the curtain is always an experiment. Nobody knows what will happen before it falls; in fact, nobody of experience would be willing to take what might be known as a gambler's risk.

Electric wires may cross and cause a fire. The properties that are being drawn across stage seem always to find an excuse for sticking at exactly the wrong moment. The swan will not propel Lohengrin's boat. A stage-hand drops the moon, causing the audience to giggle. Little Eva is left suspended in air, when she should be carried to heaven by the angels. The leading lady catches her toe on a rug and trips—always causing laughter. It is particularly amusing when the leading man's garter falls below his trousers. Nothing particularly funny about it, if it happen in the street, of course; but on the stage it may jeopardize an entire play on an evening when success hangs in the balance—consequently the manager's money and the hope of the playwright and actors.

The scene is a drawing-room, witnessed by a group of one or two thousand adult Americans. The star actor enters the stage attired in evening dress—his necktie "climbing his collar." Presto! Nobody cares about what the actor says nor of how he acts. The cravat must be laughed at until the artist is made to feel his chagrin and advised of the laugh-provoker by a member of the cast. An audience seems to dote upon the opportunity to witness his confusion. Or when the stout leading woman sits on a chair that cannot bear her weight and gives. More hilarious laughter than an experienced comedian would have difficulty in coaxing from an audience. Perhaps the actor burns his finger while lighting a cigarette. It is more diverting to the crowd than smart lines written by Bernard Shaw or Avery Hopwood.

THERE is no doubt about it, audiences would not care to see needless suffering. Any individual would admit that. The idea seems to be, however, when expressed in the vernacular—"If anything is going to happen, I want to be there." If the trapeze performer is going to fall and sprain his ankle or wrist, that's the day to be at the theatre. If a rider is to fall from a horse and dislocate her knee, that's the best performance. Doubtless it would be impossible to force such an admission from anyone outside the theatre; but the audience as a whole, and not divided into individuals, is on the lookout for accidents.

And accidents have meant a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the theatre, just as they have brought fame and fortune.

Whatever may be the outcome, however, everyone fears them. Audiences (consciously or unconsciously) anticipate them. Let the curtain be raised ten or twelve inches before time for it to rise, and the audience finds it very funny. Let it fall thirty seconds too late, leaving actors posing in the completion of a scene and the entire effect of the act may be ruined.

OFTEN comedians have found a cold audience that seemed almost defiant in its refusal to laugh; but let a bug fly across the stage and it is found to be very funny. That very thing happened at one time when Madge Kendal was making her last tour of America. It was an ordinary June bug, but the audience shrieked with laughter as the actress tried to dodge it. It developed later that Mrs. Kendal was very much frightened by bugs of all kinds, so while this particular bug was flying about the stage, she was trying to escape from it; but it alighted on the hair of her head and she fell to the stage in a dead faint. The curtain was lowered and the audience continued to giggle, quite unaware of the real facts in the case.

When Mrs. Fiske was in the middle of a performance at Edmonton, Alberta, a boy who had been watching the stage from the roof fell into a skylight and was unable to pull himself back. The audience was so much more interested in the predicament of the boy than it was in the comedienne's acting, that it was necessary to ring down the curtain, send relief to the boy and then go on with the performance.

Although professional comedians would not admit as much, the typical audience seems to go to the theatre yearning to laugh. Perhaps to see and hear a tragedy enacted; nevertheless, in its inner conscience, it is hoping for an opportunity to laugh. And it will have its laugh at any cost. Even at death itself. When Signor Frederico, a popular basso at the time, was singing Mephisto in Melbourne, Australia, and beckoning to the unhappy Faust and Marguerite to accompany him to Hades in the last act, he fell through a trap in the stage and the crowd howled with glee—until it learned that the singer broke his neck in the fall and died instantly.

When William Farnum was leading man for Olga Nethersole in *Carmen*, she had lectured the inexperienced young man on *realism* and had urged him to put more fire into his acting. With her words in mind, he became overenthusiastic at the next performance, and when called upon to stab her, he forgot to touch the spring on the trick knife and it penetrated her clothing and flesh. She moaned in pain, but the audience burst into laughter and continued to giggle as she attempted to finish the scene, until blood was seen upon her clothing, which was a signal for the crowd to attempt to curb its hilarity.

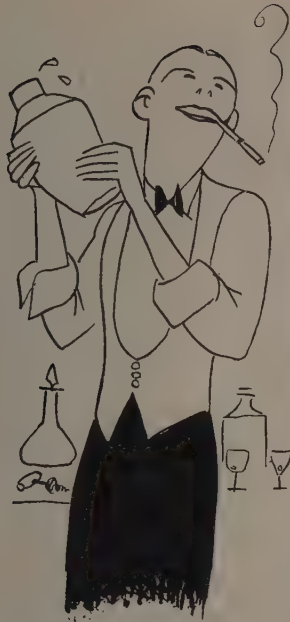
An accident almost ruined the chances of the sensational success of a few years ago, *Sapho*, when it was produced by the same actress in New York. Through three hours of intense emotionalism, Miss Nethersole brought her audience to the verge of tears for the finish. Save for an occasional sob, the big auditorium was as silent as a tomb. Would she go and leave Jean? Yes, she would and take nothing with her to remind her of their days together—nothing but the canary that had enjoyed the country air with the happy lovers. After leaving the cottage, the actress stole back into the room, took the cage from a hook and made her exit as the curtain fell. It was an excellent bit of pantomime that rarely failed to register. At the New York *première*, however, the bottom fell from the cage at the crucial moment and a stuffed canary rolled out upon the stage. The crowd that was in tears or about to weep suddenly changed its mind at this unexpected accident and gave itself over to laughter that any comedian would have envied. It seemed for a time that the damage was irreparable and that the chances of the play had been ruined.

When Antonio Scotti, the celebrated baritone of the Metropolitan Opera company was rehearsing *L'Orocalo*, he urged his associates to handle him roughly, as called for in the text of the play. At the first performance, they were rough enough in their zeal to follow his instructions to break three of his ribs. The audience did not laugh at this accident, because the great artist gave no outward signs of suffering until after the curtain had fallen.

IN the older days, when the melodrama popularly known as the *ten-twenty-and-thirty* was in great favor with the crowds, playwrights like Hal Reid, Theodore Kremer and Owen Davis were urged by the producers to provide *thrillers* which offered at least one sensational escape of the hero or heroine from the bad man or bad woman of the fable. Drownings, poisonings and a long list of horrors had been used in so many ways and forms that the popular actor, Howard Hall, conceived the idea of making a sensational escape, after having been thrown into a lion's den. He had no particular appetite for a life-or-death struggle at each performance with a young lion greedy for an actor's blood, however, so a veteran king of the jungle was procured from a circus, a toothless animal that no longer paced its cage, hoping for release, but usually spent the greater part of the time in sleep, awaiting the inevitable end of men and lions alike. Exactly the animal for the spectacle; but the management and star knew that something must be done to give the creature a semblance of life, so it was arranged to cover the bottom of the cage with metal, to which electricity could

(Continued on page 50)

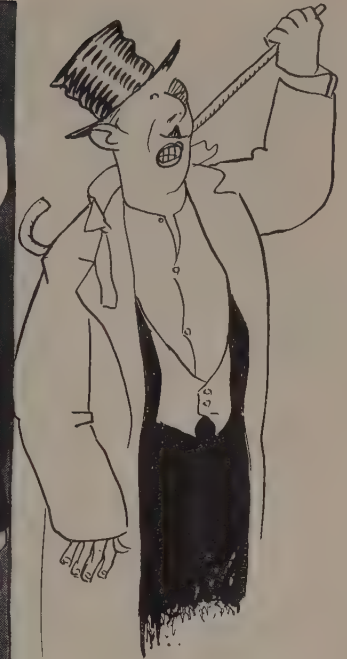




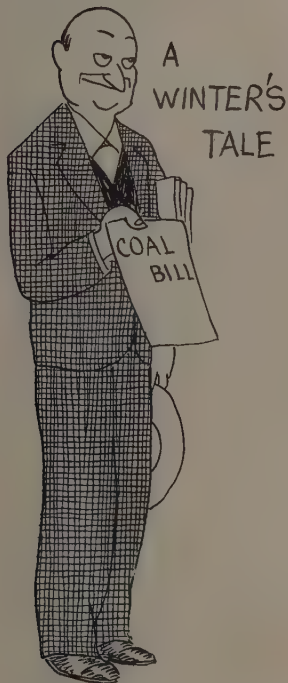
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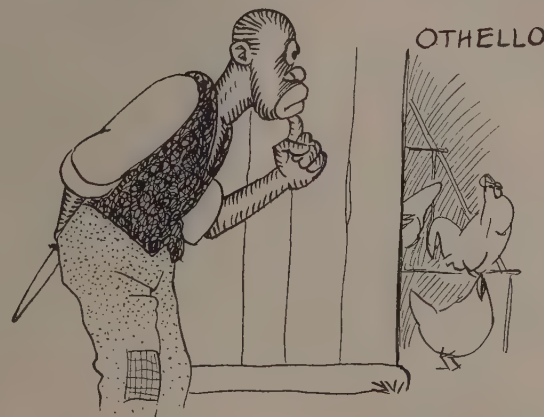
DINNER-JACKET HAMLET



TWELFTH - NIGHT



A WINTER'S TALE



OTHELLO



TAMING OF THE SHREW



MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM

ROMEO AND JULIET



MASSAGUER  
1925

# SHAKESPEARE IN MODERN DRESS

*The French Fashion Journals and the Haberdashers' Catalogues Are Now Being Superseded by the Current Exhibitions of "Korreet Klothos on the Bard's Mannequins"*

(Cartoon by Massaguer)



# Mirrors of Stageland

*Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures*

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE



## LOUIS WOLHEIM

THAT'S Louis Wolheim, *alias* Captain Flag of *What Price Glory?* and *The Hairy Ape*. Mr. Wolheim himself says, with a sardonic grin, that he is "addicted to genteel

parts, stokers, ship captains, roustabouts and gang leaders."

If Wolheim hadn't acted his way to success he would have kicked himself to it. The flattened aspect of his nose is due to earnest scrimmages on a football eleven. Cornell University knew him as "Wollie Wolheim, the battering-ram full-back of the Big Red Team of 1904 and 1895. His broken nose is a souvenir of football. Boxing bestowed upon him a cauliflower ear. Otherwise he is physically perfect. Not half as fierce as he looks, though he likes to pretend he is.

Persons in the same company with him say he has a brutal sense of humor; that he is the man with the bludgeon tongue. He is Wilton Lackaye's rival in bitter wit.

Fancy anyone calling a person of such formidable aspect "Baby dear." Yet one there is who thus addresses him. It is his amiable and devoted little wife. Even Mr. Wolheim, by a sheep's smile, betrays that he is conscious of the incongruousness of the title, but he answers quickly to it.

He was a coach in mathematics at Cornell and would have been a "professor of math. and on his way," as he says, "to earning \$2,000 a year and having ten children, the usual fate of a professor, and might have been buried in a country churchyard. As affairs turned for me I shall probably be buried in Potter's Field."

Lionel Barrymore, he says, spared him a professorship. They met in a hotel lobby on the Mexican border, where one was acting and the other prospecting. They surveyed each other, recognized common ground and began a barroom chat. Wolheim expressed his awe and admiration of the art of acting. Barrymore disclaimed cause for awe. "The secret of stage success is not to act," he said. Barrymore invited Wolheim to come to New York and promised to put him into pictures. He did. On the principle that one good turn deserves like recompense, when Barrymore complained that the fight in *The Jest* was not the real thing, that the supers who pretended to trounce the cruel Neri were afraid of hurting him, Wolheim offered to lead the supers and administer the trouncing. He pounded the floor with his benefactor's head with such verisimilitude that oaths were exchanged.

But contacts and confabs have continued. They continue to discover what in the El Paso barroom ten years ago they first recog-

nized, a common ground of man quality and intellectual fiber.

The Cornell-trained brain has served Mr. Wolheim well on the stage. Brains with brawn are unconquerable.

He has no theories of acting. Like David Warfield, he says "Either you can or you can't." His ideas of mathematics are more definite. "Mathematics can be made as clear as crystal," he opines.

Nevertheless, he leaves off the phrase to begin his oft-recurrent one, "like Lionel." Which, freely translated, means "I'm glad I left maths. for the stage."

## JEANNE EAGELS

THE prettiest woman at this première?

There are so many pretty women at premières. And each woman looking her best in her best, even though the best is—not so faintly—pervaded by the odor of moth balls.

Ah, the one with the piquant features and the suggestion of hardness yet brittleness in her beauty? That, dear ignoramus, is Mrs. "Ted" Coy, wife of the wealthy baseball player and wealthy in her own right through her success in *Rain*. Sadie Thompson? Assuredly. Jeanne Eagels, at your service—at the service of anyone who wants beauty combined with highly intelligent playing.

Exotic? Decidedly so, by inheritance. Spanish and French. Dark eyes of Spain and golden hair of Alsace-Lorraine. But Boston born and Kansas City bred and tent-show reared.

Wouldn't believe the tent-show story, would you? But Miss Eagels—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Coy—likes to tell the stories of the tent shows that she played in from her twelfth to her fifteenth year. Always with her intent dark gaze fixed upon the metropolis and metropolitan rewards. If I had to cast a vote for the most ambitious woman of the stage, I would seal and fold and drop into the waiting slit in the box a ballot for Jeanne Eagels.

Ambition is the corner-stone and courage the cap-sheaf of the structure that is Jeanne Eagels. She was eight when in a class in rhetoric, a shy little girl blushed and halted and finally refused to read a line from a Shakespearian play. Small Miss Eagels raised her head. "I'll read it," she said. The part was assigned to her and her start through the tent shows of Kansas and Missouri to Broadway began.

Jeanne, like others of her craft is a person of temperamental violences. Her moods are antipodean. She hates or she adores. She caresses or she casts away. No person, indifferent to truth as Ananias or Sapphira, would ever call her a middle grounder. She has the admirable quality that I like to call "direction." She knows what she wants and she goes straight to the object and seizes it.

Ever hear how she

got one of her first chances? It was with George Arliss. Cyril Maude's daughter, Margery, was leaving the cast. Jeanne Eagels was suggested as her successor. Mr. Arliss had misgivings. He had not seen Miss Eagels. His rôle required that he carry his leading woman across the stage. He had achieved easily the feat with Miss Maude. But the English girl was slight. She weighed one hundred eleven pounds. He was of no mind that the slim, graceful—not Dempseylike—Alexander Hamilton he was playing should stagger under the weight of his leading woman.

He telegraphed Jeanne, "How much do you weigh?" Her telegraphed reply was a query, "How much do you want me to weigh?" Receiving the needed information, she slimmed from one hundred seventeen to one hundred ten in seven days. And signed a contract for the rest of the season. That is the Jeanne Eagels way.

## LENORE ULRIC

UM, Lenore Ulric at the professional matinée! Even though she plays eight performances a week, with extras on holidays.

And we shall see her at the studio to-night. For she abjures the cloistered ideal for an actress' life. She believes in dancing, laughing, even loving, though she told me she does not approve marriage for a star. "Live fully," counseled the tortured, slowly dying Duse. "Live that you may portray life," is Ulric's paraphrase of it. She has been quoted in theatres and studios as saying, "I should rather die a Duse than live an Adams."

Her elder friends, saddened and humbled by life, fear the high burning of the crimson, smoke-edged flame. Despite the vital fires that burn in her extraordinary dark eyes, she has a frail wisp of a body. She may have come from the soil, as 'tis the theory that all great actors do, but she is not of the buxom, deep-bosomed women whom we characterize as daughters of the soil. The crimson, smoke-edged flame is a living one that may consume itself.

Irving Berlin, the sensitive, the kindly genius, must have felt the portent of the flame, for at one of the after-theatre parties *intime* at her girl home, the three-story red-brick house in the Seventies, near the Hudson, he took her thin, hot, brown hands in his and said, "Save, dear child, save. Your money and your vitality. For the life of the theatre is short and soon we will need all we have of both."







Maurice Goldberg

### "THE VAGABOND KING" AT THE CASINO

*Before setting out to battle the Burgundians, and knowing he is to swing from the gallows at dawn, François Villon (Dennis King), rogue, poet and Monarch of France for a day, kneels down to worship his dear lady, Katherine de Vaucelles (Carolyn Thomson)*





(Left to right) Alfred Drayton, Edna Best, Cyril Maude, Robert Vivian

Act I: Sir George (Mr. Maude), in his placid and insinuating way, adds to his bank-account



Act II: The flapper sister (Edna Best, right) advises her elder (Alma Tell) as to the proprieties

Photos  
White



Act II: The butler (Robert Vivian) insists that his son shall not become the son-in-law of Sir George Crawford

"THESE CHARMING PEOPLE" AT THE GAIETY

*Witty Arlen Comedy a Particularly Happy Vehicle for Cyril Maude*



# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face



**I**N *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, at the Fulton, we find Ina Claire radiantly traversing one of the thinnest and at the same time one of the most beguiling comedies in several seasons.



Frederick Lonsdale has dared write a crook play of the 1909 vintage, but has done so with such assurance and suaveness as to bequeath it more than a little genuine entertainment; while Winchell Smith, who has suddenly turned his producing attention from hoke native comedy to London drawing-rooms, seems even more expert at the latter than the former. The entire presentation of the play is easy, plausible and smart—helping to blow ample life into a manuscript where no air, save that of the theatre, must have stirred.

Miss Claire, gowned seductively, winds her way skilfully through this tale of a girl thief, Mrs. Cheney, whose charm permits her to find social popularity in West End society. Roland Young, as the young milord who succumbs more particularly to the lady's virtues, being unaware of her shortcomings, presents one of the best performances on his part for some time—one, too, which I hope will induce Broadway casting directors to give him more chance to play "straight," as they would say. Mr. Young here submits ample evidence against his being made eternally to play a booby. A. E. Matthews, in an absurd rôle of the master crook who steers Mrs. Cheney in the direction of the traditional string of coveted pearls, is so immensely likable as to atone in no small measure for Mr. Lonsdale's minor infamies.

To misquote Daniel Webster, "It is a bad play, sir, but there are those who like it." I am one of those.

**C**OME we now to something rare and precious, a charming comedy; instinct with gracious perception of human values, simple as to story, yet possessing—though its protagonist is but a mere schoolboy—the attributes of Greek tragedy, so grim yet real is the fate meted out to *Young Woodley*. For such is the title of the piece at the Belmont, which, with Glenn Hunter in the title-rôle, is going to have a long and prosperous run or my sense of public appreciation will be sadly at fault.

It is a comedy of English school life, written by John Van Druten, and said to be that author's first attempt at stage composition. It goes without saying that his knowledge of his subject is one of first hand. He has an intimate knowledge of schoolboys, of their pedagogic superiors and of



all those details and relations that go to the making of life in its first big formulative progression. The boyish types are nicely and sincerely drawn; that of Woodley is particularly happy, the youth with a poetical dreaming bent who finds encouragement and sympathy in the master's wife. She goes too far in her appreciation of the boy—not criminally—but to such an extent that they are both in a measure compromised, and Woodley is forced to leave the

band, analytical, observant, suspicious, is not slow to note the heightened color when his wife welcomes her old admirer back. What is it but a confirmation of his theory? On pretense of a festival, he transforms their living-room into an enchanting garden with limelight for a moon, and, another Othello, he stealthily watches nature take its course. But the tables are turned on him.

Norrie and his wife admit their affection for each other, but Lissa will not be unfaithful even to a marriage in which she has found no real love, only a master. She bids her sweetheart farewell, and, when he is gone, turns to her husband and, kissing him sadly, passes out of his life, a pathetic and lonely figure, while Adrian, in a frenzy of despair, tears down the flowers of his make-believe garden.

The play has flashes of wit and interest, but a few such oases do not compensate for long stretches of dullness. It is overburdened with talk, mostly supplied by the loquacious and priggish husband. When all's said and done, there's not much point to the whole thing. Laurette Taylor has some very effective moments as Lissa. This actress' greatest asset is her voice. Who could resist those sweet, appealing tones, that gentle, charming personality? But some kind friend

should recommend a dressmaker. Also a coiffeur. Why was that fur coat worn in the first act? Hostesses don't usually wear fur coats when greeting guests in their own homes. Or is Miss Taylor trying to set a new fashion?

**T**HE world's most famous libertine has inspired playwrights for the last three hundred years. From Molière to Shaw—they've all had a try at him. That Rostand's play, *The Last Night of Don Juan*, seen at the Greenwich Village Theatre, has literary beauty and is good reading no one will deny. But it is closet drama, not living, breathing stuff of the theatre.

At the opening *Don Juan* is seen as the robust, baggart, boasting to Sganarelle of his long career of lechery, mocking the thousand-odd women he has seduced and whose very names he has forgotten. Enter the devil in guise of a puppeteer. Cynically, he listens to the libertine's insolence and, by way of punishment, condemns him to a life of puppeteering in the "eternal theatre," before an audience of little girls. Meantime the masked spectres of the thousand women he has trifled with take advantage of his hour of humiliation to deride and mock him—all except the White Shadow, the one woman he really loved.

Stanley Logan was a somewhat monotonous *Don Juan*, yet on the whole gave a satisfactory characterization.

## Plays You Ought to See

**CRADLE SNATCHERS**—Most amusing comedy farce, showing how three wives, annoyed by flirtatious husbands, adopt desperate remedies. Funniest play in town.

**DEAREST ENEMY**—Melodious and picturesque operetta of the American Revolution. Beautifully sung, staged and acted.

**HAMLET**—A fine production of Shakespeare's tragedy, with Walter Hampden as the melancholy Prince and Ethel Barrymore as Ophelia.

**NO, NO, NANETTE**—Excellent entertainment with brisk comedy by Charles Winninger and some remarkable dancing by Louise Groody.

**OUTSIDE LOOKING IN**—A tale of the primitive, strangely and raggedly told. Fine, vigorous drama. Well acted.

**THE LAST OF MRS. CHENEY**—Smart and entertaining crook play, with Ina Claire as a girl thief who wins her way in society.

**THE VORTEX**—Drama satirizing in merciless manner the degenerate life of London's idle rich. Splendid performance by Noel Coward, author of the play, supported by Lillian Braithwaite.

**YOUNG WOODLEY**—Charming comedy of English school life, with Glenn Hunter as a dreaming schoolboy, and a wonderful performance by Helen Gahagan as the master's wife.

school. It is the genuine charm of adolescence that pervades the piece.

Glenn Hunter, in the title-rôle, is delightfully boyish and genuine, quaint and real, a true creation in its subtle nuances of youth, to my mind a far bigger personation than his Merton. A performance of quite wonderful delicacy and verity is presented by Helen Gahagan as the master's wife. It is a rôle that could easily be made most unpleasant, but by the sheer force of her personality and sweetness the youthful wife of a torturing older schoolmaster-husband makes her a most pathetic figure. Herbert Bunston plays the husband to the life and Grant Stewart as the Woodley père is what he should be.

**P**HILIP BARRY'S new comedy, *In a Garden*, at the Plymouth, hinges on the extraordinary proposition that "every man's wife is some other man's mistress." Adrian Terry is a playwright, and that is a pet theory he works out with his secretary when writing pot boilers. No wonder Lissa, his wife, finds him an intolerable bore and that her mind goes back to the days of her girlhood, when the handsome Norrie kissed her in the moonlight in a Katonah garden and then went off to China. That is the only bit of real romance in her life, and when, after a lapse of years, Norrie, home from the Orient, bursts in on them, both feel the spell of a memory that life itself has never broken. The hus-



MY respect for Basil Sydney's prowess as an actor, and Horace Liveright's *flair* and skill as a producer, was considerably increased after seeing the dinner-jacket *Hamlet* at the Booth Theatre. If I went to jeer at this experiment of doing Shakespeare in modern clothes, it must also be admitted that with others I remained to pray. To see old Polonius in cream boating flannels and a monocle, Ophelia in bobbed hair and the melancholy Prince in suspenders is a spectacle well calculated to "make the unskilful



laugh and the judicious grieve." One has a sense, too, of something lost in this abrupt, almost indecent tumble from the heights of Elizabethan verse to the drawing, laconic chatter of colloquial English. The substitution of the ugly, uninteresting garments of to-day for the picturesque trappings of tradition impress one as wanton, indefensible vandalism. Yet, after all, as the gentle Will himself would say, "The play's the thing." The novelty of attire, the drab, sober, modern settings are soon forgotten. The tremendous tragedy takes hold of one and the scenes which have held you spell-bound ever since the beauties of the mighty poet first dawned upon the mind, the encounter with the ghost on the castle ramparts, the climax of the play scene, the prince's passionate interview with his mother, the parting with Ophelia, the grave-diggers, the duel with Laertes and death of Hamlet—it is all as human and tense to-day as three hundred years ago and perhaps stirs the imagination of the spectator even more powerfully, the actors being in dinner coats and lounge suits, than when set amid the unreal and distracting background of medieval pomp and tinsel crowns.

There can be nothing but praise for Mr. Sydney's Hamlet. More stately, more poetic portrayals of Shakespeare's haunted prince there have been. This actor's lack of inches bars him from presenting as graceful and elegant a figure as other players have done in this most famous of rôles, but it is doubtful if any actor has ever given a more intelligent or more sympathetic reading of the poet's lines. Only too often the tragedian, hidebound by tradition, is apt to so strut and bellow that the meaning of the line is obscured or lost. Not so with this actor. Every shade of meaning in each line was made clear. One might, indeed, say of this performance what they did of the celebrated Kean, it was like "reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." I doubt that the advice to the players was ever better spoken or the soliloquy on death more movingly and tellingly uttered. If Mr. Sydney's impersonation leaves to be desired in poetic warmth and glamour, he more than makes up for it with his distinctive and beautiful reading.

Helen Chandler, obviously too young and inexperienced for the part of Ophelia, was a disappointment. Apart from her own very charming personality, she made little or no impression.

Ernest Lawford gave a delightful characterization as Polonius. Of all the parts in the play, that of the doddering, garrulous old courtier is best suited to the modern manner, the humor receiving quicker response because the actor was able to get his quips over better.

Charles Weldon was excellent as Claudius, especially in the later scenes, where he shows remorse and alarm for his crime. Adrienne Morrison, a well-trained actress, was all that

one could wish as the queen. Of some of the less important rôles, notably those of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, less can be said in praise.

The settings, particularly that of the first act showing the castle terrace at night, before the drawn Venetian blinds of the palace windows all lighted within, were simple but adequate and effective.

CHARLES L. WAGNER'S faith in Sidney Blackmer as a star appears without limit. But to me it seems that Mr. Wagner doesn't know what Mr. Blackmer is capable of doing in the theatre; and to present him as a dashing, heroic comedian is only to invite financial disaster. Mr. Blackmer is a nice, comely youth—he must be careful lest he put on too much weight—but of that resourcefulness of speech and action that comes from either tried experience, thorough coaching or an innate adaptability Mr. Blackmer is deficient. And *The Carolinian*, in which he appeared recently at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, is a very confused and messy bit of pompous Colonial melodrama. Founded on Sabatini's novel of the same name, a Mr. J. Harold Terry has adapted it\* for the stage. The stellar rôle is Harry Latimer, an untamed patriot, who, when his father-in-law is not denouncing him, and getting him in trouble, fatuously works it so himself that he and his wife get into still further trouble. All this is accomplished by noisy interruptions and excursions, and so much noise is made that a general impression is given forth that something worth while is being accomplished. There is a handsome setting provided for the piece and the costumes are rich and correct. Martha-Bryan Allen, who is co-featured, plays the misunderstood and distracted young wife with fine spirit, and Reginald Owen as a British officer, who later assumes the garb and manner of a Quaker, helps to sustain some little spirit of verisimilitude.



OWEN DAVIS' farce at the Cohan Theatre, *Easy Come, Easy Go*, calls for no superlatives either for or against. It is a more or less mechanical effort in four scenes—the first two of which give promise of real fun. But his inspiration runs out after the second scene, and for his third and fourth he has had to open his box of tricks and extract as many well-tryed farce situations as he found usable. The result is that the humorous interest aroused by his apt beginning, which inspired the audience to loud laughter, is dissipated and eventually barely escapes tediousness. Two thieves who have just robbed a bank seek shelter in a rural health resort, remote from traffic. There they pilfer all sorts of things from the wealthy invalids, but there, also, they are forced by the playwright to cede their prominence to other characters who are concerned in plots and sub-plots of their own. There is where inspiration yields to contrivance, and the natural result is confusion.



Otto Kruger, a personable young actor, does not have his best opportunity in this play. In his effort to appear colloquial and natural, he underacts and is at times even inaudible. His

*vis comica* is strictly limited. Victor Moore, as the elder crook, gets real comic results with a minimum effort. Of the remaining members of the large company, Edward Arnold gave a very articulate performance as the millionaire.

IRENE BORDONI, who holds a place, essentially her own, as an interpreter of guileless naughtiness, and, as a singer, knows how to project the text of her songs with the fetching persuasiveness of the trained *diseuse*, brought out one of Avery Hopwood's\* dramatic picnics, interspersed with songs at the Lyceum Theatre, under the frank title *Naughty Cinderella*. The play sets out with some show of reason to explain how a coy, poor and modest maiden, who has hitherto earned a scant living as a secretary, is induced by a glittering stipend to take the place of a professional "flirt" and travel to Italy in the company of a philandering youth. The alleged purpose of this bargain is to cover the designs which the aforesaid philanderer has upon another man's wife, also journeying to Italy with her husband. The husband is to be blinded by the belief that it is the hired companion who is the object of the bad man's machinations and not his skittish wife. The play makes desperate efforts to convince the audience that the dangerously intimate relations between the characters are purely platonic; and an indulgent audience plays the game with the actors, with tongue in cheek. Much irrelevant farce has to be grafted on the main idea to make a full evening's entertainment, and the authors (Mr. Hopwood and his earlier French inspirers) are rather put to it in the second act to devise situations to keep the ball rolling, not despising so patent a laugh-provoker as having a settee smash into splinters when the worried comedian flings himself upon it at the end of the second act. This choice bit of humor got more wild applause and frantic laughter than all the wit of the entire play combined. And the curtain had to be raised a dozen times!

Miss Bordoni was delightful throughout the evening and has an excellent supporting cast. The young philanderer was gracefully played by Harry Kendall. The light comedian, his friend, combines athletics with a nimble wit in the person of John Deverell, who was continuously diverting; and an unexpected hit was made by Alfred Ilma as an Italian policeman of towering proportions and with a powerfully resonant voice.

ANY country, given a genius or two, can produce a mere *Saint Joan* or *The Lower Depths*, but it takes America, with its exuberance and love for sports, to give us anything as breezy and physically stimulating as *Solid Ivory*, the comedy now transforming the stage of the Central Theatre into a "diamond." It would be difficult to imagine a play built around a group of skiing Norwegians or about a Japanese wrestling-bee, but a play about American baseball was to be expected ever since James Gleason made an epic of two fists and Elliot Nugent went sprawling through an entire act clad becomingly in athletic underwear. *Solid Ivory* is as bustling and often as exciting a play as *The Poor Nut*, if not so deftly written nor so happy in characterization.







*Posed specially for "Theatre Magazine" by Strauss-Peyton*

*Louise Groody, who flits about the stage of the Globe Theatre on the cleverest and daintiest pair of dancing feet in musical comedy, is an explanation of one of the reasons why Chicago said "No, No, Nanette" for more than a year when she tried to escape to New York*



# The Persistent Playwright

Well-Known Publisher-Producer Tells of His Troubles With Authors

By HORACE LIVERIGHT

Producer of "The Firebrand" the Modern-Clothes "Hamlet," etc.

POSSIBLY one-third of the time of the secretary of any fairly well-known publisher, or producer, is taken up by either answering phone calls of authors who want to make appointments "for just one or two minutes—really no more than that—to talk over a very unusual manuscript"—or, worse yet, in explaining to other authors who wait in the anteroom that the book (or the play) is the thing, and that the boss will read the *magnum opus* in a reasonable length of time.

Never has there been such a propitious time in history, with the possible exception of The Age of Pericles, for young authors. In the last seven or eight years there has been a change in book-publishing and play-producing conditions that practically amounts to a revolution. At least a dozen new firms of book publishers have come into existence and some of them have more than appeared upon the horizon. Their suns have been shining very brightly. In the field of the theatre, as one of the largest Broadway organizations phrases it, "there are positively more producers than playwrights." This may not be elegant English that would be approved by Walter Pater, but the substance of the sentence is almost correct.

All of which means that starving geniuses almost without exception are as rare to-day as genius itself. If Samuel Butler and George Gissing and Ernest Dowson and our own Edgar Allan Poe were writing now, publishers would be camping on their door-steps and their books would be dramatized, movieized and second-serialized, to say nothing of the more or less unearned increment of their lecture tours.

SO it is obvious that it isn't necessary, in this year of grace, to "sell" one's literary and dramatic wares when those who own the printing-presses and the auditoriums have become the pursuing Apollos instead of the fleeing Daphnes. What a waste of time it is for an author to talk, for a half-hour, about his book or play—and suppose we speak of plays exclusively for the next few minutes—to the man who is

considering producing it? If the play is a melodrama and its various theatrical devices must be explained at length to the producer, there is something wrong with all of the clatrap. If it is a so-called comedy of manners and the author feels that he must explain just why Reginald smotherers the sweet Geraldine with diamonds instead of with kisses, in Act II, there must

effect. Theodore Dreiser does not write a novel and then tell me all about it, before I have had a chance to read it. George Moore may lean against the mantel in his lovely room on Ebury Street and vaguely speak about the very pretty play that he has just written, which he knows will be beautifully effective. But it wouldn't occur to him, in his most confidential mood, to give more than an inkling about the plot itself.

Authors whose plays have not as yet found their audiences may believe that producers are in a conspiracy against them. They grumble that the man at the top is more difficult to see than the President of the United States himself. They assume a grievous, persecuted attitude. They complain that everyone of importance is too busy to see anyone except the arrived success. The almost invariable message they receive, that Mr. Jones has just gone out, or will not be back from Philadelphia for a few days, or is at a rehearsal, should not mean to them that the frightful ogre who holds their fate in his hands is too busy to see them and talk to them, but that he is a human being whose experiences have taught him that the time to talk to an author about his manuscript is after it has been read, not before.



The publisher's device (patent pending) for ejecting importunate authors from his office insures a speedy exit.

be some fault in the writing. If it is a "straight" drama with an awfully, awfully serious purpose that takes the little old lady from Nashville, Tenn., where she is sure every daughter of the Confederacy will support the play with thousands of letters to the New York newspapers, twenty-eight minutes to make clear her noble purposes, you may be sure that there is not only something wrong, but that the play is impossible. Above all, if the author can't clearly understand that the producer wants to read the play and get from it the same sense of suspense, development of character and drama that the average \$2.85 (or \$3.30) theatregoer is going to get, the author is an ass. I have never known Eugene O'Neill (all of whose work I have published) tell me why he has done such and such a thing, or how he has achieved such and such an

IF dramatists knew how it prejudices producers against their manuscripts when foolish letters accompany their efforts, they would simply say: "Here is a play. Enclosed is postage for its return if it doesn't interest you." Here is one letter that accompanied a play a week or so ago:

"My dear Mr. Liveright:

"Inasmuch as time, like the wind, moves more rapidly at some times than at others, I am sending this note to you to call your attention to me and to my wonderful five-act tragedy. For many years I have been at work gathering authentic data. I have just completed my little play (note, dear reader, five-act tragedy and little play), which is, I am glad to say, up to the minute, in line with daily press comments on a much-mooted topic. I can guarantee that this play does not drag for a minute, that it is all wool and a yard wide. It is a survey of human faith, and in a broad, indirect manner touches every aspect of creed, cult and ism. Yet

(Continued on page 62)



Act II: Young Woodley finds sympathy and understanding in the sensitive, lovely nature of Laura Simmons (Helen Gahagan), the schoolmaster's wife



Act II: The "housemaster" (Herbert Bunston) discovers his wife in the arms of his pupil, Woodley



Act III: Ainger (Edward Crandell), seeing that his friend Woodley (Glenn Hunter) is utterly miserable and dejected, tries to discover what is wrong



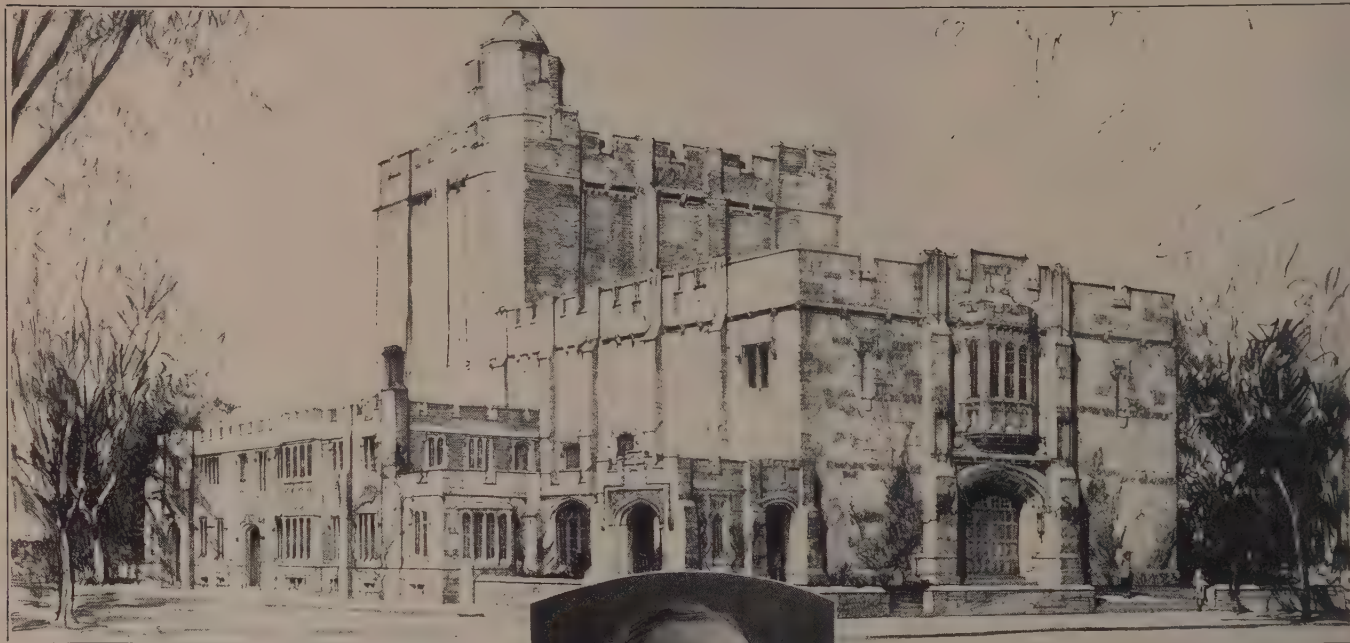
Act III: Infuriated by the slurring remarks made by a classmate about Mrs. Simmons, young Woodley, knife in hand, attacks him

## "YOUNG WOODLEY" CHARMS AT THE BELMONT THEATRE

*A delicate study of adolescence woven into a fine play by John Van Dreuten, a new and promising English dramatist*



# Where Yale Will Teach You How To Write Plays



Beautiful new University Theatre at Yale, the first modern theatre of Gothic design in the world



(Inset) Prof. George Pierce Baker, founder of Harvard's famous play-writing laboratory, "English 47," now transferred to Yale

**W**HEN the beautiful University Theatre at Yale is completed next Spring it will not only be the first modern theatre of Gothic design in the world, but the substantial realization of one man's dream. That man is Prof. George Pierce Baker, founder of the famous "English 47" at Harvard and now director of the Department of Drama in the School of the Fine Arts at Yale. At Harvard, twenty years ago, Professor Baker dreamed of such an ideal theatre; now at Yale he will see his dream come true. It will be everything that he wanted—and more. When it is completed, this theatre, which is a part of the gift of Edward S. Harkness, Yale '97, will be the most completely equipped laboratory in existence for play-writing and play production.

As the representative of THEATRE MAGAZINE, I called upon Professor Baker at Yale recently and talked with him about his work, past, present and future. A student in "English 47" at Harvard, I had known Professor Baker's great longing for a modern theatre that would house all the various theatrical activities that had grown out of "English 47."

At Cambridge Professor Baker had to perform miracles in order to get anything done; at New Haven everything will be done to help him perform miracles.

**I**T is marvelous, by the way, to see how Professor Baker has transplanted to Yale the enthusiasm that always surrounded him at Harvard. "Verily," I said to myself as I looked around, "English 47" has indeed

## By Carty Ranck

moved from the Harvard 'Yard' to the Yale 'Triangle.'"

Professor Baker showed me through the beautiful old house at 52 Hillhouse Avenue, that has temporarily been made the

fessor Baker at my side, radiating that electric energy and enthusiasm which made him such a beloved figure at Harvard, such a potent force in American drama—and now such a tremendous asset to Yale.

What has already been done at Yale by Professor Baker is a remarkable exhibition of what personal magnetism coupled with great executive ability can accomplish in a brief period. You see, Professor Baker has carried his wonderful lamp to Yale! In August this old mansion on Hillhouse Avenue was just a house and nothing more. By September 28 it had been completely remodeled and now houses most of the dramatic activities at Yale.

Here are the dressing-rooms for the men and women of Professor Baker's presenting casts; a large "green-room" on the first floor, containing interesting photographs of famous players and scenes from plays written by Professor Baker's students. In this green-room are also to be found the latest periodicals that have to do with the theatre. It is, in fact, a charming lounging place and study for embryo playwrights and actors, and the sound of "shop talk" is constantly

heard in the land.

**T**HIS temporary abode of Yale's drama likewise contains a rehearsal room, where Professor Baker gives his lectures on the drama; rooms for stage and costume designs and a library that contains books on the drama, bought with the fund given by former audiences at the "47 Workshop"

(Continued on page 50)

**CAN** the difficult art of play-writing be taught? The old-time dramatist scoffs at the idea. Playwrights, he insists, are born, not made. Professor Baker, on the other hand, believes it can be taught and, as founder of the famous play-making laboratory at Harvard, known as "English 47," points to members of his class who to-day are among Broadway's most successful writers of plays. In this article Professor Baker tells of the far greater scope his work will have now his activities have been transferred to Yale, and gives a full account of the splendid new theatre which the University has placed at his disposal.

abode of drama at Yale pending the completion of the new University Theatre in the Spring. Here all the theatrical "props" are housed, and it was like old days in "English 47" to see students of the drama eagerly discussing their work in the "green-room" and to hear in the small rehearsal theatre the sound of "lines" as prospective actors learned their "parts" for the next "tryout" performance. And here was Pro-





Florence Vandamm

EVA LE GALLIENNE TRIUMPHS AS IBSEN'S HEROINE

*With Her Forceful and Vibrant Characterization of the Ecstatic Hilda Wangel in "The Master Builder," the Actress Surprised Her Audience With a Transcendent Performance*



# Costume Plays Captivate London

*Dainty Melodies and Dainty Dances Draw Crowds to the British Theatres*

By J. T. GREIN

"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent

November 15, 1925.

IT is delightfully refreshing to escape the ultra-modern society of females with their Eton-cropped hair, their rouge and lip-sticks, their language and their manners and to steal away to Hammersmith to a joyous eighteenth-century world, the world which Nigel Playfair has made his own at the Lyric Theatre. The young ladies who swear, as in Mr. Lonsdale's plays; who are Fallen Angels, as in Mr. Coward's plays, and who make assignments in the summer-house, as in Mr. Maugham's *Our Betters*, are too familiar to be charming. But when two centuries divide, these sluts and "baggage," and dishonorable love become the subject of a light opera that casts a spell to please us. We talk not of morals in *Lionel and Clarissa*, but of melodies daintily contrived, of dances daintily executed, of ensembles daintily managed and of a production which by its taste and irreproachable performance has given the town an entertainment to be remembered. Alfred Reynolds' arrangements are never obtrusive enough to destroy the Dibdin originals, Mrs. Lovat Fraser's costumes always fit the frame, while Penelope Spenser's dances never fail to recapture the first fine, careless rapture.

With such a trinity, a whole library of forgotten operas may yet come back to the light. There could not have been a more vigorous Colonel than Mr. Playfair's, a more buoyantly mischievous Jenny than that of Nadine March, a more charming and graceful Clarissa than Olive Groves or a more admirable Jenkins than that of Hayden Coffin. What could we want for more? Here is a slender plot with fun and sentiment to adorn it, here are tunes simple and quaint on strings and to the spinet, here is an atmosphere of Old-World fragrance and an entertainment worthy to succeed the *Beggar's Opera* and as worthy to uphold the reputation for cultured taste which Mr. Nigel Playfair has deserved.

FROM the eighteenth century to the twentieth is but a short step in the seven-leagued boots of fable, and at the Hippodrome *Mercenary Mary* is running riot with syncopated drummings, wild hilarities and a chorus of pretty girls who can sing both high and low. And the laughter is not stupid, it belongs not to that Meredithian brand which is the topic of his censure, but hearty, spontaneous laughter that only a vinegar-faced misanthrope could not share. There is no more irresistible comedian than Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, and he is full of opportunities, while Peggy O'Neill is buoyant. I do not hope to see anything better in musical comedy than the team work between these twain. I cannot enumerate all the company who fill the house with their energetic ginger nor do more than marvel at the agility of some of the dancers, but I must pay a trib-

ute to June, that fragile little figure that tripped through the show as delicate as a piece of Dresden china and as fragrant as her name. Not since *No, No, Nanette*, has London had such a revel executed with such precision and so full of intelligent fun.

TO turn from gay to grave moods, from musical comedy to serious drama in spite of the handicaps under which the London theatre labors, there has been a



Photo De Mirjian

Mary Glynn and Dennis Neilson-Terry, popular English players who made their debut here in *The Crooked Friday*, have been giving a series of special matinées of *The Offense*

very creditable record of worth-while plays. That so-called intellectual and depressing play, *The Sea-Gull*, by Tchegov, at the Little Theatre, has survived because it is so invincibly interesting. It is an inspiring thought to reflect that such work can command an audience. It gives the reply courteous to those professional Jeremiahs who never see anything good in the theatre. For *The Sea-Gull* has none of the cheap attractions. It works in an unfamiliar technique and its plane is more lyrical than dramatic. These infinite subtleties build up an atmosphere which cannot be escaped. And there are tense dramatic moments, too, when realism shatters illusion and in anguish we look on the débris. Never has the pity for young lovers who have loved in vain been more deeply stirred, never have we been made to suffer more acutely in sympathy with souls darkened by despair. Tragedy such as this moves in concord with the Greek tragedy. It purifies and exalts

through Katharsis. It needed courage to produce, and praise must go too to Valerie Taylor and John Gielgud, who, as the unhappy lovers, have caught the fine spirit of the play and by their restraint and sincerity achieve something better than they have ever done.

The production of *Man and Superman* in its entirety, when the audience had to endure five hours of Shavian philosophy, is worthy of note if only to add that the wizardry of his vivacious thought and the vitality of his splendid language made us forget the clock, while the Don Juan of Esmé Percy was not only a feat of memory but a performance that never flagged, a performance so imbued with life force, a solo full of cadenzas, yet never without lucidity that it is exciting to remember.

There is tragedy when we think how much the theatre has lost in Eric Hudson's death, for his farce at the Savoy is brilliant fun, ingeniously sustained and uncommonly well acted. Farce is no easy thing to contrive and born farceurs are *rara avis*. Let me say there are moments when sensitive criticism boggles at the downrightness. The French have a happier knack of suggestion, but the incredulities have a devastating logic and the tyranny of his inventive surprise never fails to whip us into smiles. With Athene Seyler's captivating charm and Clifford Mollison's effervescing humors to savor the dish, *The Unfair Sex* makes a titillating entertainment.

Space will not allow me to do more than mention the exquisite performance of *The Playboy of the Western World* at the Royalty, the triumph of Edith Evans in Shakespearian comedy at the Old Vic and the excellent productions of the Renaissance, the Phoenix and the Fellowship of Players on Sunday evenings. The failure of *Cristilinda*, by Monckton Hoffs, and *Growing Pains*, adapted from Booth Tarkington, is due to the excess of sentimental mush, while *The Desire for Change*, by Francis Neilson, suffers not from a lack of ideas, but from a dialogue that is too slow-footed to carry them. It is only fair to add that revision, the blue pencil and an acceleration in the tempo have so much improved the comedy that it deserves to outlive the verdict of its condemnatory first-night press.

"The worst way to improve our age is to condemn it." I am not hopeless when I can find Ibsen and Tchegov making money as commercial successes, when I can see comedy as pungent and witty as *Taffy*, by Caradoc Evans, as clever and delicious as *Hay Fever*, or as fragrant and picturesque as *The Man with a Load of Mischief*. I am not hopeless when within the magic circle around Shaftesbury Avenue I can see Shakespeare or Synge and, if I leave the center for the circumference, get such a feast of dramatic fare that even the ranks of pessimists could scarce forbear to cheer.





Helene Thimig, the only woman member of the great theatrical clan of Thimigs and one of the luminaries of the Reinhardt forces, as she appeared in the Professor's production of Galsworthy's *Loyalties*

Photos by  
Continental Features



Tatiana Pavlova, a Russian by birth, who, in the past two years, has held Italy enthralled with her art on the Italian stage, deliciously interpreting for the sons of her adopted land the best high comedies of our time



Lily Darvas, who at the age of twenty-one was chosen by Ferenc Molnar for the leading rôles in all his plays, is now rumored to have been chosen by the eminent Hungarian playwright to become Mrs. Molnar III. She is shown here as the slavey in Molnar's *The Glass Slipper*



Voted "Worthy Artist of the Republic" by the Soviet Government on the fifth anniversary of the founding of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio last May, Olga Baklanova, at the age of twenty-eight, is the youngest holder of this coveted title awarded to exceptional talent



Setzer, Vienna

Else Wohlgemuth, one of the few survivors of the once world-renowned ensemble of the Vienna Burgtheater, who still upholds the traditions of that erstwhile most excellent home of the play



Charlotte Ander, who might justly be called a comet. Josef Jarno, Vienna's George M. Cohan, discovered her a year ago in a small theatre in Vienna's own Coney Island. Now she is frequently seen in Reinhardt productions



Angelo

Ilona Titkos, second in talent only to Lily Darvas, of Budapest's younger generation of actresses, darling of the more discriminating of Hungarian theatregoers. Her first rôle of the current season was that of Sadie Thompson in *Rain*

## THE THEATRE INTERNATIONAL

*Women of Unusual Personalities Who Dominate the Continental Stage*



# Stage Door—No Admission

*Stories of Players and Managers That Only the Doorkeeper Knows*

By ADA PATTERSON

**T**HE stage door! The sacred portal of the land of make-believe! The most jealously guarded gate in the world of the theatre. Who has not stood on the curb watching the players as they drive or walk up to the dingy little entrance and disappear quickly within, after acknowledging the nod of welcome from the gruff Cerberus on guard? Try to enter yourself. It simply cannot be done.

Does the seemingly grouchy door-man reflect his own character or that of the management? Is he as stolid as he looks while he sits beside the stage door or do his seemingly indifferent eyes seek and find romance? On a lowering December evening, pierced by the million Broadway lights, I went on a tour of discovery of these much-sought facts.

At the Empire Theatre I encountered a dark, handsome man in an immaculate gray suit and with an air of distinction. Fred Bartow told me he is the doorkeeper of a theatre because there only can he find leisure to work out his philosophy of life.

"I have taken up this duty because it affords me six precious hours of silence in which to write. Only in silence and by writing can I crystallize my philosophy. It is still in what might be termed a state of solution. I am not writing it for publication, but for my own information. I shall call it, when finished, 'My Idealism.' In concerns only the things that are eternal. As one thinks more about eternal things, the importance of the temporal fades. I am one of the few contented men of this city. Perhaps of this country or the world. I am sixty years old. Behind me lies an interesting business career. I made money and learned much while I was a buyer for Vantine's in its palmy days. For fourteen years I lived in Japan. I tired of business. I had an income. It is because I wanted a little more while working on 'My Idealism' that I came here. I shall not be here long, for the six hours after midnight are fruitful of work.

**"LOOKING** over here from my post at the stage door, I have seen genius and talent pass in and out. Ina Claire is the one genius that has held the stage since I have been here. Miss Claire says what she thinks back-stage and says it in good, strong, unmistakable words with a world of emphasis. An actor may misunderstand the stage director, but there is no danger of mistaking this star's words and their meaning. She has genius, for she draws girls and women in a marvelous way. She doesn't understand it herself. But she does whatever the women in her audience wish, signs her name on pictures until her wrists ache, answers their letters, gives

dolls for their bazaars. She will do anything they ask except let them come back to see her during a performance. There was an order that no one should come back between eight and eleven. No one, she said, without exception. One night her brother called and made a row because no exception was made for him. When she

**T**HERE is no figure connected with the stage and its people surrounded with more interest and mystery than the stage-door man. Why does he bark as he bars your way to the forbidden regions backstage? Is his surly, almost hostile attitude real or only assumed? How does he view the theatre and the world from his stool beside the entrance bearing the magic sign "Stage Door"? What does he see and what does he hear? In this article the stage-door keeper appears as he is—a philosopher, a man who has learned to know human nature during his long contact with player folk. He has interesting anecdotes of actor life to tell and he takes you into a fascinating, unexplored land—through the forbidden portals of the stage door.

heard of it she said: 'Perfectly right. I said "Nobody" and I meant it.' Margaret Lawrence is the most nearly even-tempered actress I know. She was never ruffled, never anything but suave and sweet. Marjorie Rambeau is as much admired backstage as in front. The author of *Antonia* comes in every other day to say that she fully realizes his idea and ideal of the Hungarian enchantress. During the run of *The Dove* we had a near tragedy. A bit of the garden scene in the second act fell upon Bert Sussman, a young assistant stage manager. He was twenty-two and intensely interested in his work and tremendously ambitious. When the garden dropped upon him, the young man was knocked unconscious. A doctor came and ordered him to the New York Hospital. Holbrook Blinn took him to the hospital in his car. Poor Sussman has not fully recovered. He got out of the hospital and came often to see his old associates in *The Dove*. Mr. Belasco only came in a few times and not for long. When a play is well on its way he turns his attention to other productions. His staff is so competent that he doesn't need to supervise a finished production."

While Fred Bartow is the doorman of most distinguished appearance Mike Scannell is the heartiest and merriest. Than Mike, too, there could not be any guardian

of the gate more loyal. He sits at the roll-top desk in the sizeable and businesslike office provided for the doorkeeper at the Hampden Theatre and crosses himself when he speaks Walter Hampden's name, smiles when he hears his footsteps, prays for him, I am sure, in his nightly oblations.

For this extreme fidelity Mr. Mike gives excellent reason. "There was never born a nobler man," he says. "Nor any other as kind. 'Twas Cardinal Newman said that a gentleman is one who is careful of the feelings of others, wasn't it? Mr. Hampden is that. For instance, I was standing the other night at the scene door. As Mr. Hampden has made the theatre over, they don't have the usual entrances but scene doors. As I was saying, I stood at the scene door and Mr. Hampden heard the applause go on and knew he must take a curtain call. I felt his hands on my shoulders. I heard his voice. 'Pardon me, please, Mike,' he said. Think of that. 'Pardon me, please, Mike.' Can you think what a Mansfield would have said if the likes of me got in his way for a curtain call? Yes, I see you can."

Persons entering Henry Miller's theatre by the side entrance encounter a slim, brisk, dapper man who answers their questions with celerity. Evidences of an exceptionally agile brain stir interest and inquiry in those callers.

"That is an extraordinary doorman," they say. Rose Coghlan mentioned him in the farewell she spoke from the stage of Wallack's Theatre before the old theatre was demolished. He is Walter Halliday. He was a pink-faced youth in Lester Wallack's company when Mr. Wallack played *The Silver King*. He was an excellent musician. He used to play chimes at great weddings in New York and the estates on Long Island and the bank of the Hudson. He was a factor of the cyclorama which P. T. Barnum exhibited.

More. He impersonated the speaking Sphinx at the museum connected with the cyclorama. When a man from the audience inquired, "Sphinx, who is the greatest man in America?" the Sphinx drawled sepulchral, "P. T. Barnum is the greatest man in America." Halliday recognized the voice of the man whose creed was "The public likes to be humbugged."

**A**CTORS at Henry Miller's Theatre, remaining to rest after a performance, or those coming early to make up, often hear a voice still strong, still resonant, intoning the great speeches of the greatest characters created by The Genius of Stratford. "Halliday is rehearsing," they say. To an audience of dusk and memories and

(Continued on page 52)





From a sketch by Ernest N. Townsend

### BACK STAGE STUDIES: THE STAGE DOOR-MAN

Intermission at the Lyceum. A buzz of comment and conversation in orchestra and balcony—blue haze of cigarettes in the lounge. Up three steps, past the door labeled "Stage Entrance" on Forty-sixth Street, a messenger delivers flowers for the star. Through the narrow passage to the dressing-rooms, press representatives and friends visit. "Bill" Everett, of vigilant eye, who for twelve years has guarded this particular back stage world, passes those whose business permits their entrance and diplomatically demands credentials of the "Johnny" or the merely curious. From his small office he checks the old show out, the new in; acts as postmaster, parcel clerk, custodian of the keys and general information bureau



# The Play That Is Talked About



The Lancasters' country home is peopled with victims of the social maelstrom—absurd, jaded, pretentious nobodies, whose only thought is jazz, mahjong, amorous intrigue

## The Vortex

A Play in Three Acts by Noel Coward

*"THE VORTEX" was the first American offering of that startling young English dramatist, Noel Coward. Although still in his twenties, Mr. Coward has written a half-dozen plays, two others of which, "Hay Fever" and "Easy Virtue," have since opened on Broadway, and a fourth, "Nadya," which is scheduled for an early debut. The characters in "The Vortex" are the same ultra-modern, sophisticated people that ramble through the novels of Michael Arlen. The central figure of Mrs. Lancaster, whose passionate clinging to a vanishing youth and beauty causes the wreck of her little household, is an adroit dramatic study. Mr. Coward's portrayal of the unfortunate son, Nicky, has been highly praised. The following condensation is published by permission of the author, the producer, J. P. Bickerton, Jr., in association with Basil Dean, and Harper and Brothers, publishers of the play in book form*

### THE CAST

(As produced at the Henry Miller Theatre)

Preston	George Harcourt
Helen Saville	Auriol Lee
Pauncefort Quentin	Leo C. Carroll
Clara Hibbert	Jeannette Sherwin
Florence Lancaster	Lilian Braithwaite
Tom Veryan	Alan Hollis
Nicky Lancaster	Noel Coward
David Lancaster	David Glassford
Bunt Mainwaring	Molly Kerr
Bruce Fairlight	Thomas A. Braidon

**A**CT I. The scene is the drawing-room of Mrs. Lancaster's flat in London. The colors and decorations are on the verge of being original. The furniture is simple but distinctly expensive. It is Wednesday afternoon of a day in Summer.

Two of Florence Lancaster's friends, Helen Saville and Pauncefort Quentin, are making themselves at home, awaiting the former's return. Helen is a smartly dressed woman of about thirty, rather brutally frank in her remarks. Her companion, familiarly known as "Pawnie," is quite the opposite—an "elderly maiden" gentleman of extreme subtleties and purring innuendoes. The two have been gaily dissecting their hostess' character—her indefinite youth, her indiscretions, her dilettante son, Nicky, and her obtuse husband, David.

HELEN: Nicky hasn't had a chance.

PAWNIE: Nonsense—he's had everything he wanted ever since the day he was born, and he'll go on wasting his opportunities until he dies.

HELEN: He may have had everything he wanted, but he's had none of the things he really needs.

PAWNIE: You must realize one thing, everyone is sacrificed to Florence—it's as it should be—of course, she's a couple of hundred years too late—she ought to have been a flaunting, intriguing king's mistress, with black page boys and jade baths and things too divine—

They are interrupted by the entrance of Florence Lancaster, followed by Tom Veryan. Florence is a middle-aged woman, brilliantly dressed, almost to the point of being "outré." Her face still retains the remnants of great beauty. Tom is athletic and good-looking; one feels he is good at games and extremely bad at everything else.

The latter is introduced and the conversation travels its usual orbit of "tea, toast and scandal." Florence is making up a little party for the week-end at her country house in honor of Nicky's return from Paris. Her guests are invited to attend.

FLORENCE: He will be home to-morrow. Isn't it too divine? He's been away for a whole

year, but I saw him for a moment on my way through Paris last month.

PAWNIE: I heard him play at Yvonne Mirabeau's.

FLORENCE: She's a loathsome woman, isn't she?

PAWNIE: Funny Nicky liking her so much.

FLORENCE: Only because she keeps on saying how wonderful he is—that always appeals to Nicky.

PAWNIE: How old is he now?

FLORENCE: Twenty-four. Isn't it absurd to think I have such a grown-up son. Old General Fenwick said last Thursday that—

She is called to the telephone, but interrupts her conversation over the wire long enough to bid adieu to all her guests, except Helen, who remains. In a moment she puts down the receiver.

FLORENCE (arranging her hair before the glass): I look like Death. Isn't Tom a darling?

HELEN: Yes, dear, without being aggressively brilliant.

FLORENCE: I'm afraid, Helen, you're getting rather bitter. It's silly to be sarcastic about Tom.

HELEN: It's better than being maudlin about him.

FLORENCE: I don't know what you mean, dear. I'm not in the least maudlin.

HELEN: Tom will let you down. You're





*Apeda*

Joe Brown, the cabby whose clever fooling with his horse is the "hit" of *Captain Jinks*



*Vandamm*

In *The Butter-and-Egg Man* the inimitable Gregory Kelly is giving theatregoers an opportunity to see one of the best-written and best-acted comedy rôles of the season



*White*

Jack Donahue has a comedy flair which adds very considerably to the brightness of *Sunny*



*De Mirjian*

Phil Baker, entrenched behind his accordion, bombards *Artists and Models* audiences with comic monologues and ditties



*Apeda*

Chic Sales is undisputed king of "hick" character actors and in *Gay Paree* furnishes his followers with his usual comedy classics

## MEN WHO MAKE US LAUGH

*The Merry Antics and Exuberant Personalities of These Fun-makers Keep Broadway in High Spirits*



more in love with him than he is with you.

FLORENCE: Don't be absurd, Helen. He adores me—worships me. He's never seen anyone like me in his life. I'm something strange—exotic—

HELEN: How's David?

FLORENCE: I don't know. He ought to be home soon.

HELEN: Doesn't he ever suspect anything?

FLORENCE: Of course not—he adores me. . . . I'm devoted to David. I'd do anything for him—anything in the world—but he's grown old and I've kept young; it does muddle things up so. I can't help having a temperament, can I?

HELEN: Temperament—no.

FLORENCE: David's always loved me and never understood me—you see I'm such an extraordinary mixture. I have so many sides to my character.

HELEN: How do you think Tom and Nicky will get on?

FLORENCE: Marvelously. Tom loves music. . . . I took him to that Russian thing the other day, and he sat entranced from beginning to end.

HELEN: Poor Nicky!

FLORENCE: Why do you say that? (*Suddenly furious.*) Oh, I wonder why we're such friends—you don't understand me a bit.

HELEN: We are friends, Florence, though we're so opposite. Do you really know the truth—inside you? Or is all this shrill vanity real?

FLORENCE: What's the matter with you?

HELEN: I mean, I think it's silly not to grow old when the time comes.

FLORENCE (*outraged*): Helen!

Her further expostulations are arrested by a loud knock at the door and Nicky comes in. He is a tall, pale youth, extremely well dressed, with thin, nervous hands and an air of politely concealed irritability. Florence is delighted to see her son—although she has evidently muddled the date of his arrival. Nicky greets Helen affectionately and, after a moment, the latter leaves the two together.

FLORENCE: You must see my new photographs; they're wonderful. (*She takes large packet from desk.*)

NICKY: It's heavenly—being back. (*Examines photo.*) I don't like that one.

FLORENCE: How can you, Nicky! Tom likes that one best of all.

NICKY: Who's Tom?

FLORENCE: Tom Veryan—he's a dear; you'll like him frightfully—you know—the very nicest type of Englishman.

NICKY: I hate the very nicest type of Englishman.

Nicky's father, David Lancaster, comes in. He is an elderly, gray-haired, pleasant man—financially independent, but rather self-effacing—more interested in his hunting, his gardening and his country home than he is in the hectic round of city pleasures. He is evidently very fond of his son, although the two miss contact in their respective mental outlooks.

DAVID: Have you enjoyed yourself in Paris?

NICKY: Oh, yes, rather—it's a splendid place to work.

DAVID: It never struck me that way quite, but still—

FLORENCE: Sophie de Mognac said Nicky's playing had improved wonderfully.

NICKY: I've been doing some Spanish stuff lately.

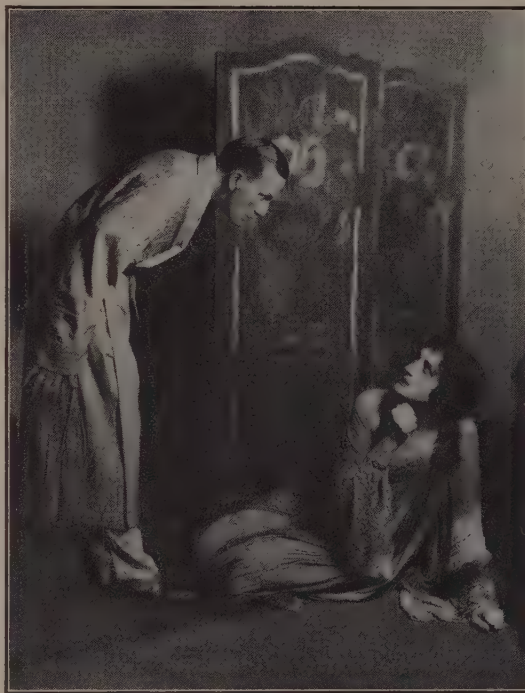
DAVID: I'm so glad, Nicky. . . . I wish I knew more about it. . . . Come to my room and talk later.

David leaves and Nicky turns to his mother. NICKY: Mother—I've got something rather important to tell you. . . . I am engaged to be married.

FLORENCE: What!

NICKY: Practically—as much as one can be these days. . . . Please don't look so stricken.

FLORENCE: But, Nicky, I never sort of visualized you being engaged, or married, or



### "THE VORTEX." END OF ACT III

Nicky (*Noel Coward*) accuses his mother (*Lilian Braithwaite*) of immorality and declares she has wrecked his life

anything. . . . You're not old enough.

NICKY: I'm twenty-four.

FLORENCE: You don't look it. . . . thank God! Who is she?

Nicky explains that his innamorata's name is Bunty Mainwaring—that she lives just around the corner, in Carbury Square, is twenty-three, extremely intelligent, and is coming there that afternoon to meet Florence.

FLORENCE: It's a mile-stone, isn't it—you being engaged? A definite mile-stone. (*Catches sight of herself.*) Look at my nose. (*Powders it.*) I do hope she'll like me—I must go and dress now; Tom is fetching me half past seven. Bring her to my room when she comes.

A few moments later Bunty Mainwaring—a self-assured, well-dressed young lady; more attractive than pretty in a boyish sort of way—makes her appearance. Nicky introduces her to his mother, and the two women apparently find each other quite tolerable.

FLORENCE: Take off that perfectly divine cloak and have a cigarette. I've got to rush and dress now, because I'm terribly late, but you're dining here with Nicky and joining Tom Veryan and me at the Embassy afterwards.

BUNTY: Tom Veryan—?

FLORENCE: Yes. Do you know him?

BUNTY: I did when I was a child—if it's the same one.

FLORENCE: Nicky—perhaps Bunty would like to

come down to the house on Friday for the week-end?

NICKY: Oh, yes! Marvelous.

The prospect does not seem so marvelous to Nicky a few moments later, however, when Tom arrives and finds that Bunty is an old boyhood friend. The two reminisce at length, a good deal to Nicky's discomfiture.

TOM: Bunty and I used to know each other awfully well.

NICKY: What fun!

BUNTY (*warningly*): Nicky—!

NICKY: But it is—it's thrilling—there's nothing so charming as a reunion. . . . When the cocktails come, tell Preston to bring mine to me in father's room.

BUNTY: Silly. . . . Well, don't be long.

Nicky leaves the room. Tom takes the occasion to remark to Bunty that he is rather surprised at her being in love "with that sort of chap."

TOM: He's so—you know—up in the air—effeminate. But I've just realized something. . . . We shall meet again—over the week-end. Come for a tramp Sunday morning and we'll talk.

BUNTY: What about?

TOM: Oh, lots of things—old times.

BUNTY (*lifting glass*): Old times, Tom.

TOM (*doing same*): Cheerio!

\* \* \* \* \*

ACT II. The scene shifts to the hall of Mrs. Lancaster's house, about forty miles from London. It is Sunday evening, just after dinner, and the place is alive with dancing couples, cigarette smoke, a continuous buzz of small talk. Clara Hibbert is dancing with Tom Veryan, Helen with Pawnie, Nicky with Bunty. Florence is seated, talking with Bruce Fairlight, an earnest dramatist. David, as usual, is in his study. The evening has been a hectic one, the talk is unrestrained, and a certain tenseness is in the air.

Nicky has been substituting at the piano, as a relief from the gramophone.

Following a dance, Helen wanders over and sits beside him.

HELEN: Have you a match, Nicky?

NICKY: Isn't this a marvelous tune? (*Runs over a few bars.*)

HELEN: Fascinating! (*Slips her hand gently into his coat pocket.*) Darling, I do want a match. (*She brings out a little box.*) What a divine little box! (*Nicky stops playing and jumps up.*)

NICKY (*violently*): Helen, give that to me—!

There is a strained silence, during which Helen regards her young friend oddly, and then the latter takes a match-box from his other pocket and calmly offers her a light. The gramophone is started again and the dancing proceeds, but nerves are on edge. Florence has quarreled with Tom and is beginning to find fault with Bunty.

FLORENCE: She's having a bad effect on you, Nicky.

NICKY: Nonsense!

FLORENCE: You've changed since Paris. . . . You never used to be rude to me.

NICKY: Well, don't start running down Bunty.

HELEN (*joining them*): What's happening?

FLORENCE: Nothing. Bunty's just putting Nicky against me. I knew she'd try to. (*She goes out.*)

HELEN (*to Nicky*): You must be having a de-

(Continued on page 54)





Photo Vandamm

CHRYSTAL HERNE IN "CRAIG'S WIFE"

*As the Unscrupulous, Calculating Wife in George Kelly's Newest Play at the Morosco This Talented Actress Gives One of the Most Brilliant Performances of the Season*



# S · C · R · E · E · N · L · A · N · D

"The Vanishing American." "Go West." "Little Annie Rooney." "Classified"

By FRANK VREELAND

FILM producers, after an orgy of several years in which they luxuriated in the costume picture, now appear to be piously devoting themselves to seeing that the more intimate features of the American scene are not scantied. This does not mean, of course, that the picturesque phases of our frontier life are neglected, for where would be that primal element of movie attendance, the small boy, without his buckskin warriors? And photoplay entrepreneurs are still in the engaging process of discovering native history. Of such is *The Vanishing American*, a nobly shaped, sometimes inspired production that seeks to raise Lo, the poor Indian, higher in our estimation.

The picture is notable for two features—firstly, the superb photography of its unparalleled vistas of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and of the giant country rearing itself around the Hopi and Arapahoe reservations, and, secondly, for its effort, which the director saves from oversentimentality, to show that a live Indian is really better than a dead one. In this and several recent pictures film producers seem resolved to make recompense to the red men for having used them so hardly in the early days, vilifying and slaughtering millions of them in order to build up cinema popularity. This tendency may also be regarded as a graceful gesture on the part of the white man, after having taken away so much land from the Indian, to balance it by handing over a large part of screen territory.

THE early portion of the picture, vivid and well done, nevertheless retards the action somewhat as it elaborately lays the ethnographic foundations for the modern sequence, graphically depicting tribe after tribe of prehistoric men marching over the sentinel peaks that guard this fertile valley, the Spaniards invading with their strange thunderbolts, and the United States forces taking hold, while the Indian retreats into stagnation and want. After this short course in history, the latter-day developments move the story on with vigor, sincerity and some gun-play.

It is a simple tale, that of the love of a young tribal chief for the pretty schoolmistress on the reservation, with the buck Indian typifying the rugged virtues of primitive man, and the Indian agent, horse thief and violator of women incarnating the vices and other concomitants of sophisticated civilization. When the chief, after zealously enlisting and doing yeoman service with his tribesmen in the great war,

returns to find that the Great White Father has repaid them by driving their families into exile, the desperate abo-

umpantly advancing in that film, the red men were being scraped off the edge.

"GO WEST"

LIFE on the plains is again treated in *Go West*, but from a far more different angle, as might be surmised from the fact that Buster Keaton is the mooning star. Not quite so ingenious as some of his other pictures, it still has its share of side-splitting incidents, and suggests at one point how the white man, who has ousted the Indian, can very well be ousted by the bull.

This time Keaton is plumped down in the cattle-raising country, where he makes the acquaintance of a calf as forlorn as himself, and forms a firm friendship with this creature, so gentle that her name might be Bossie Love. Through following her about the wool-gathering, Keaton is accidentally enabled to save his ranch employer from ruin by delivering his cattle at the market, though he has to stampede them through a town to do it. Again Keaton utilizes his favorite device of gradually increasing his gait as he is followed by a horde—this time of horned steers—and the sight of the cattle rampaging through barber shops and department stores would test the gravity of Colonel House. While Keaton hasn't Chaplin's ability at arranging touching situations with a comic fringe, his own bewildered personality keep his comedies from clanking with the hard, metallic effect of undiluted farce.

"LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY"

THE intimate details of life under the elevated are exposed in *Little Annie Rooney*, in which Mary Pickford returns to the back-yard, side-alley romance in which she made her first hit, after having served her time recently in the glossy costume drama. This story of the little girl's love for a gangster, who was good-hearted but mistaken, who was wrongfully accused of killing her policeman father, and who was finally saved from death by a transfusion of blood from his petite admirer, is practically a screen blending of two time-honored song hits, "Little Annie Rooney" and "The Sidewalks of New York."

Our Mary is again the diminutive tenebrous Amazon and little mother, romping about with love in one hand and a brickbat in the other. The photoplay has a profusion of diverting scenes cannily gauged to hit the popular taste with the best-liked values—in fact, the picture virtually represents a census of all the sure-fire tricks in filmdom. The best episodes are the sand-



Edwin Bower Hesser

MAE MURRAY

After seeing her superb performance of *The Merry Widow*, the old followers and newly won admirers of this dynamic film star are anxiously awaiting her next picture, which will be *The Masked Bride*

regines revolt and go on the warpath.

In trying to save the handful of whites stirringly beleaguered in a blockhouse, the young chief is shot by his own people and dies poetically, like a true Indian stoic, and not like a gaudy film hero—all over the scene. His dying words are infinitely pathetic but brief—far different from the florid final statement to the press and public so often issued by the expiring star of a movie. In this rôle Richard Dix does the best work of his career, towering majestically on the huge stone bridge when he beseeches Heaven to help his people and curbing his round-eyed tendencies. He looks the part completely, even to hair braided in Hopi fashion and a consistently dusky complexion, instead of giving the more usual screen suggestion of a white man, masquerading at a fancy dress ball as an Indian, who has forgotten to wash a bit.

Lois Wilson as the solicitous schoolmistress, Noah Beery as the villainous agent and swarms of Indians make this worthy to stand beside *The Covered Wagon*—not so dynamic in action, but more poignant as it reveals that while the Caucasians were tri-





Strauss-Peyton

POLA NEGRI AS AN ARLEN ENCHANTRESS

*Will add to the general feverishness of Spring when she will appear in a new film, "Crossroads of the World," especially written for her by the author of "The Green Hat"*



lots battle, wherein Tomboy Mary doesn't mind having all manner of formidable missiles bounced off her head, and the hospital scenes, wherein the small damsel prepares to die with great éclat.

Miss Pickford plays with a remarkable childlike semblance, toeing in and moving her legs like a youngster when walking, drooping when seated, turning her head and talking with a fidelity that ought to entitle her to ride half-fare on any railroad. Her pathos is as endearing as ever, and though it is several years since last she acted in this vein, it is easy for her not to grow up. The other juvenile types of the polyglot East Side are treated with much humor and surety, and the whole affair has numerous points of contact with a sort of youthful *Abie's Irish Rose*.

#### "CLASSIFIED"

**I**N this picture Corinne Griffith turns from the emotional rôles of the "Déclassé" type, in which she has been exercising her lustrous eyes of late. She enters quite charmingly into a genre comedy of every-day life, perhaps to give her emotions time for overhauling and repairs. Taken all around, this photoplay is one of the happiest and most likable that Miss Griffith has done, and might very well mean her final niche, if she wants to set her talents into a groove.

Partly this is due to Miss Griffith, partly to June Mathis' shrewd adaptation of Edna Ferber's story, which is the kind that might happen to any girl, and doubtless has. It is woven about that type of modern miss who is too nice to be a gold-digger, but who knows all the tricks. It is the boast of this self-reliant damsel that she can always take care of herself while with young men—even on a lonely road late at night.

Her old-fashioned family want her to give up her pleasure-seeking ways, marry a good garage mechanic and settle down into their radio-hugging rut. When she returns at seven o'clock in the morning from a nocturnal auto ride with a wealthy young philanthropist, they think of road-houses and believe the worst. But the gallant garage mechanic, well played by Jack Mulhall, looks at her muddy shoes and knows the best.

The picture is alive with human and humorous touches—the inquisitive brother, capably played by Carroll Nye, who is forever wrenching apart the radio set; the argumentative father, done with excellent comic effect by Charles Murray; the sly devices whereby the artful feminine minxes of to-day panhandle auto rides from young men en route to work and then give them the frozen smile in farewell; and the resourcefulness with which the modern miss can give a Lothario the slip outside a road-house and finish the joy-ride under her own foot-power. This unforced picture tingles with a sympathetic undercurrent for the millions of girls who want lovely apparel and a home on Fifth Avenue, but who in the end bravely marry to live on forty dollars a week like their parents.

Miss Griffith reveals new ability to look saucy but sweet. She is one of the few actresses with pale eyes who can make them an asset, for their far-away, dreaming air lends a humanizing, gentle pathos to the

homely comedy. Her latent comic sense has been brought out by Al Santell, a director who seems to have realized, on a wholesale scale, for almost the first time in screen history, the pregnant value of hands as semaphores to the risibilities. *Classified*, with its flavorful wise cracks, ought to establish Miss Griffith very firmly in popular favor, as it shows how much a girl can learn about human nature simply by getting advertisements for a newspaper.

#### "LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY"

**E**VIDENTLY inspired by Marion Davies' earlier picture, *Little Old New York*, the newer photoplay, while not quite



ALICE TERRY AND ANTONIO MORENO  
In a stirring scene from the Metro-Goldwyn adaptation of Ibañez's famous novel, *Mare Nostrum*

so elaborate, is still a better picture, because Miss Davies is now able to rely on a price-less variety of expression, instead of on million-dollar sets. Not that the background isn't lavish, for it gives a gay and colorful glimpse of those rough-and-ready times in the 70's when Manhattan was just beginning to feel its oats, when young Edison was coming to the fore, when Roosevelt was a little schoolboy, and when an Orangemen's parade meant that presently the Fire Department had to turn the hose on to separate the procession from the spectators.

But a great deal is lent to the story by Miss Davies, who has now added versatility to the placid expanse of her beauty. She has a wide range for expression, playing both of twin sisters who are born orphans in the steerage at sea. One of them is adopted by a wealthy family of New York, the other grows up, unknown to her, as one of a swarm of shanty Irish who fight squatters' battles against the patricians who have adopted the other girl, presenting their compliments with bricks.

Except for one fleeting shot, the producers seem to have been timid about trusting to double exposure for giving Miss Davies a chance to confront herself. Hence whenever the star meets up with herself, it is always obviously with another actress

wearing her clothes and a large wig. But this is the only disturbing shock in the picture—except for the realization that the demure Miss Davies can become a wildcat hussy of the Gloria Swanson breed. But better than even her hoydenish moments, when she made love to the wealthy foster-brother of her unknown twin, and better than even the captivating jig which she did to a hand-organ accompaniment, we liked Miss Davies at the typical Davies wedding. For here, as the gently nurtured twin, she gave a beautifully unobtrusive hint, by means of an immobile, subdued countenance, that maybe she might have liked to marry the foster-brother herself. Fair enough, since he was Conrad Nagel.

This picture, gracefully adapted from Laurence Eyre's stage-play, *Merry Wives of Gotham*, in which Grace George and Laura Hope Crews played the twins, gives a hint, pleasing to the public, that the exuberant spirit of the roughneck triumphs always over good breeding. It has several picturesque colored interludes of one twin's performances at Tony Pastor's and of the first demonstration of arc-lights on Fourteenth Street—producers are still chary of using tinted scenes except in spasmodic spurts, like afterthoughts. It also has the implication that Miss Davies has now become such an accomplished actress that she no longer needs an expensive cast to bolster her up.

#### "THE KING ON MAIN STREET"

**M**ORE amiable snap-shots are here unfolded of the American domestic scene, with the insertion of the frosty dignity of a royal visitor's entourage to polish it up by contrast. The picture, which gives Adolphe Menjou his first chance at a stellar rôle, will be memorable for one thing—the fact that Bessie Love gives a perfect exhibition of the Charleston, proving that it can be danced with extreme grace and agility and yet without a single hint of wriggling vulgarity. We hereby award Miss Love the palm as the greatest Charleston expert on the screen—if not on the stage—which is by way of being a miracle, for ordinarily a film dance looks as silly as the capering of goats.

Aside from this, the picture at times borders perilously on obvious farce, though it has winning moments while the heart-breaking monarch of a small European principality, who comes to America in quest of a large loan, drops in on a typical American tank town because a sweet young thing there captures his fancy. He astounds the flustered hicks at his crude dinner of welcome by admitting he is actually hungry. There is some confusion about the king's course, as he gives up valuable oil concessions to a grasping capitalist rather than have gossip arise about the girl, merely because he was locked out all night with her on an upper balcony.

The types have been rather smartly chosen, and there are some entertaining scenes at Coney Island when the affable king makes the acquaintance of what is technically called "a regular American boy" (with standard freckles) and through him makes the acquaintance of the genus hot dog. Menjou has little scope except to look rather lonely and droopy as the democratic monarch.

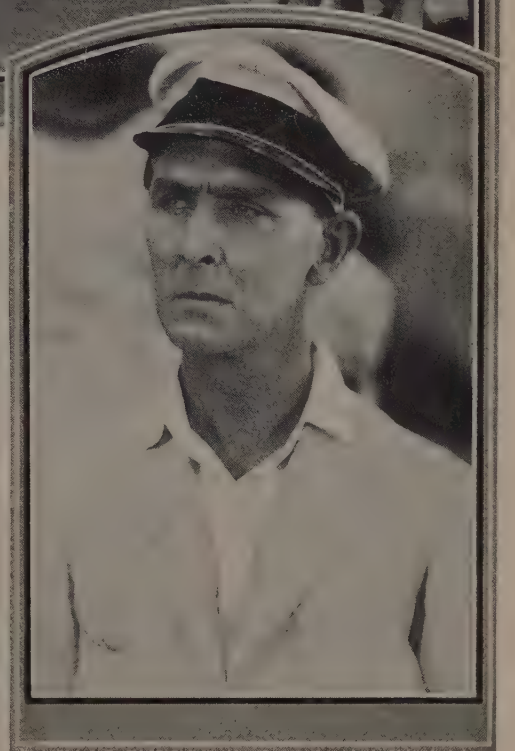




As Mrs. Erlynne, in the Warner production of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Irene Rich has found a rôle ideally suited to her statuesque beauty. Ernst Lubitsch directed this picture



Douglas Fairbanks, having travelled extensively on bucking broncos and flying carpets, will now set out upon the seas in his next picture, called *The Black Pirate*



Percy Marmont, as the haunted, woeful Lord Jim in the screen version of Conrad's famous novel, adds another silently suffering hero to his list of characters

## NEW PATTERNS ON THE SILVER SCREEN

*Recent Films Prove the Success of Adaptations from Important Plays and Novels*



# M . U . S . I . C

*The Metropolitan Is True to Its Better Self. Spontini's "La Vestale" Proves a Veritable Triumph*

By GRENVILLE VERNON

WHY did the Metropolitan Opera Company produce Spontini's century-old *La Vestale*? Was it as a penance for artistic sins of the past? Was it that Signor Gatti-Casazza, throwing box-office discretion to the winds, decided to keep a tryst with his own soul? Was it—but enough—thank God it *was*! Not since that far-off production of *Orfeo* has a novelty so radiantly beautiful been offered to the music lovers of America. I heard a well-known musician between the acts of the dress rehearsal sneer at the thinness of the orchestration. Truly the orchestration of most modern operas is thick enough—and so are the heads of those who would prefer them to this work beloved by Napoleon and by Wagner! Spontini's musical ideas may not have been voluminous, though one no lesser than Rossini pilfered one of them for his *Barber of Seville*, and he may have been weak in harmony, but he possessed something which is rarer than either of these, something which in modern music has almost disappeared—he possessed nobility of thought and utterance. He thought and wrote in the grand manner, and his eyes were toward the stars. It has taken nearly a century and a quarter for *La Vestale* to reach New York, which has proved in one respect at least that our ancestors weren't as fortunate as we.

THERE are numerous reasons why the Cassandras of musical criticism will insist that the public won't go to *La Vestale*. They will say its music lacks passion—which it doesn't. That it is unhuman—which it isn't. That the characters walk on stilts—they certainly don't grovel in the mud. They will say it is a work conceived in the classic spirit of Gluck, and that the classic spirit is an intolerable bore. A certain New York music critic recently found *Hamlet* an intolerable bore. It takes many sorts of men to make up a world, which this critic, considering the size of the audiences which have thronged to Walter Hampden and John Barrymore, has abundantly proved. And

so I for one believe will be proved in the case of *La Vestale*. All who have not yet succumbed to the conviction that the only fit subjects for opera are intrigue, adultery

allotted to the vestal. And how magnificently it was sung and acted!

The part of Giulia, the vestal, is taken by Rosa Ponselle. Miss Ponselle had up to this moment been recognized as the possessor of perhaps the most beautiful

natural voice to be

heard anywhere on the operatic or concert stage, but she seemed far from being an artist equal to her vocal powers. But as Giulia she has placed herself at an artistic height to which not even her fondest admirers believed she would ever attain. The gorgeous gold of her voice, employed with exquisite art, gave forth the broad, sustained phrases of her music with an effect at once nobly dramatic and splendidly austere. No longer is Rosa Ponselle a mere vocal prodigy; she is now an artist of the first



Juley & Son

*The Circus of Flora, as conceived by Joseph Urban for the Metropolitan Opera Company's production of Spontini's La Vestale*

and murder, all whose hearts tell them that religion still can uplift art, who believe in the existence of abstract beauty, of grace of line, of purity of emotion, will find support and refreshment in Spontini's opera. And even those who believe in none of these things, but whose eyes can be ravished by mere gorgeousness of color, will find in the Metropolitan's production something which the operatic stage has never seen surpassed. No. I am going to take my courage in both my fists and declare myself a prophet. I'm going to assert that *La Vestale* is going to cause rejoicing in the box-office.

The story of *La Vestale*—it is very simple and very human. A vestal virgin falls in love with a Roman general and is sentenced to be buried alive for impiety to the gods, but just as the sentence is about to be carried into effect a flash from the heavens relights the flame upon the altar of the vestal, thereby proving that the gods have recognized the holiness of her love. There are those who insist that in telling this story Spontini has merely repeated the formulas handed down to him by Gluck and the other composers of the classic school. However this may be, he has told it with a beauty of utterance at once noble and austere and at times with superb dramatic power. There is real religion in the great choruses and poignant emotion in the arias

rank, a dramatic soprano such as the world has cried for and cried in vain. And then the Licinio of Edward Johnson! Unlike Miss Ponselle, Mr. Johnson's voice is not one of the great organs of the stage, but there is to-day no living tenor who can equal him in nobility of interpretation. His Licinio was saturated with the power and reserve of a true leader of the Roman legions. It was a portrait painted by a master, a portrait worthy of the great creations of the lyric stage. What a Marc Antony, what a Cæsar Edward Johnson would make! In losing him to the opera the Shakespearian drama has lost a tragic actor of the first order. The magnificent voices of Mr. Mardones and Mme. Matzenauer also interpreted the music nobly, and Mr. De Luca did all that nature permitted him to do.

IN the first three scenes the staging was equal to the singing and interpretation. The great pageants of *Aida* and *La Juive* seemed trivial and even meretricious beside the noble simplicity of the first act of *La Vestale*. Mr. Urban's settings and costumes were alike exquisitely beautiful and free from the slightest deviation from the rules of taste. Only in the last scene did either the investiture or the staging slip. It would have been far better to have

(Continued on page 64)





CHARLES HACKETT

His Almaviva in *The Barber of Seville* is memorable both by his mastery of *bel canto* and by his characterization of a Spanish grandee



Alfred C. Johnson

ANNA CASE

Whose radiant beauty, first revealed on the stage of the Metropolitan, now illuminates the concert platform



JOSEPH SCHWARTZ

His Iago, as revealed to Chicago opera audiences, has been declared a masterpiece of musical villainy



Fios

RALPH ERROLLE

A young American whose Romeo Metropolitan music lovers have found worthy of the best traditions of the lyric stage



Strauss-Peyton

LUCREZIA BORI

Whose charm and grace please in Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole*



FRANCES ALDA



Mishkin

CATERINA GOBBI

Concert audiences throughout the country have been thrilled by the voice of this daughter of Italy

## SEVEN FLASHES FROM THE FIRMAMENT OF SONG

*The Worlds of Opera and Concert Once More Flame Brilliantly*





#### MARY LEWIS

Who five years ago was a chorus girl in the *Greenwich Village Follies* and who last year created a furore in Paris, when she sang the title-rôle in *The Merry Widow*, will make her début with the Metropolitan Opera Company as Mimi in *La Bohème* within a few weeks



Murray

#### ANITA LOOS

Whose diminutive size is in no way a measure of her activities, for when she is not busy writing scenarios, she is engaged in writing and producing plays with her husband, John Emerson

#### THE BONSTELLE PLAYHOUSE OF DETROIT

Having conceived in imagination a perfect theatre for his city, Eugene H. Sloman, banker, financed the remodeling of an old Jewish temple into this artistic and commercially successful playhouse, now under the management of Jessie Bonstelle, whose stock company is one of the most famous in the country



Wide World Studio

#### HARRY ARCHER AND HARLAN THOMPSON

Two newcomers in the musical-comedy field, who first attracted attention with *Little Jesse James*, have another success this season with *Merry Merry*. Mr. Thompson wrote the book and lyrics and Mr. Archer the music



#### JOSEPH MULLEN

This promising young artist, highly commended last year for his graceful costume designs for *The Way of the World*, has this season achieved some very striking effects in his creations for John Gay's opera, *Polly*

### THE PASSING SHOW

*Interesting Places and Persons in the Fascinating World of the Theatre*



# R . A . I . D . O

*Enter, A New Matinée Idol—The Radio Announcer—Winter Radio Programs*

By CHARLOTTE GEER

THE long arm of publicity has dispelled many illusions. Stage idols have dropped from their pedestals and movie actors have been torn from their silver wrappings to shiver in the dreary mufti of every-day men. Still the romanticist need not despair. The gods have kindly provided another object for remote admiration. Learning by experience, they have safeguarded his charms by permitting the public to know him only as a voice.

No group is more difficult to classify than this newly created genus, the broadcasting announcer. Neither an actor, musician or literary man, he smacks of all three. Winning his public through a single medium, he has a following whose written expressions of appreciation are a burden on the Post Office Department. He counts his weekly mail by sorting the letters into packages of one thousand. Adulation, subtle and slap-stick is his daily portion, and the postman may bring him anything from a bushel of apples to a proposal of marriage.

When you visit a broadcasting studio, you trip over announcers. They occupy all the comfortable chairs or else they stalk about, very remote, very smart, pleasantly aware that a man who can chat with a few hundred thousand need not make any effort to please an individual. Seeing them in their glad security, you cannot help wondering what these young men did say four years ago, when Radio was not. Many of them were in college, a few were on the stage and the great majority were trying to gain recognition in the field of music.

It may seem hard to realize that an American woman would fall for anything so intangible as a voice from a horn. But the attentions that are showered upon the broadcasting fraternity are no press-agent's yarns. In fact, it is no part of the studio plan to turn the footlights on their announcers. They are supposed to keep in the background and so much so that in many stations these men are known by initials instead of by name. Studio directors would welcome the advent of mechanical announcers, since the flattery offered to their staff is becoming a handicap to studio discipline.

AN announcer is supposed to subordinate himself to the good of the station. The director plans for and engages the entertainers and hands the announcer a program sheet for the day, which closely resembles a railway time-table. It is up to the announcer to keep the trains moving. He is the train dispatcher. But his railway prototype has an easy time as compared to his. Trains are not temperamental; they do not break dates. The average broadcasting artist, lured to the studios by the hope of publicity instead of by pay, is the least dependable of entertainers. An announcer must be ready to jump into the breach at any moment of the day or night

and take the place of a truant. If he has a cold and can't sing, he must find someone else on the instant. Radio's one unforgivable sin is a lapse in the program. Many an evening has been saved by pinch hitting with the telephone girl. An announcer must be able to think and act quickly. He must remember and keep all the studio rules, which are as numerous and inviolable as the "don'ts" in a newspaper. He must restrain the famous lecturer from breaking



Goldberg

HUGO RIESENFELD

Popular director of motion-picture orchestras, who has been broadcasting Sunday-noon concerts over WJZ with great success

the law of the air by murmuring "Good night, mother," to his relative in Texas at the close of his talk. But it becomes apparent that a turned head is seldom alert. Flattery does not encourage self-sacrifice and many a pleasant voice has been silenced forever as far as Radio is concerned because he forgot his humble rôle in the broadcasting scheme. Therefore be moderate in your attentions to your favorite airman or you may find that you have loved and lost.

However, it is hard to keep a he-man down. Out of the army of suppressed announcers a few have risen to become figures of national importance, like a movie actor or a coal man in a coal strike. Dotted over the country are a dozen stations basking in the popularity of an announcer's tricks of voice and manner. WSB in Atlanta, WLS and KYW in Chicago and WDAF in Kansas City, to mention but a few. In the East four names come instantly to mind when Radio is mentioned—Graham McNamee of WEA, Roxy of the Gang, Norman Brokenshire of WRC, Milton J. Cross of WJZ and Joseph Barnett of WOR.

DURING the early months of the Winter Radio programs have emulated the Stock Exchange and gone sky-rocketing.

Stars of the first magnitude have tripped on each other's heels in a microphone stampede. Mary Lewis, Eva Gauthier, John Powell, Frieda Hempel, Joseph Hofmann, Mabel Garrison are but a few of the famous artists who have performed or will perform over the air.

The reaction of the listeners-in to the great singers has been curious. Those who have never heard them on the concert platform are entranced by their performance, while the BCL, who has taken his concert-going straight, evinces his disappointment at this synthetic and diluted form.

At this writing only one of the Atwater Kent singers has done herself complete justice over the air. Little Mary Lewis' lovely voice lost nothing in transmission, while Madame Homer's voice was but a shadow of itself and Eve Gauthier's folk-songs were unintelligible.

It is most interesting to note what Radio does to a singer's diction. In fact, it seems possible that the teachers of the future will use Radio as a means of checking up on this most essential qualification. And certainly with the arrival of the happy day when Radio can pick and choose its artists no one will be acceptable before a microphone unless they can be understood through a receiver. We missed not a word of Reinald Werrenrath's broadcast, but some of the others might as well have sung in the Scandinavian, despite the fact that the singers favor the English ballad for Radio transmission.

WE have mentioned the plays put on by Dailey Paskman over WGBS. There is another group who appear from time to time and are immensely entertaining. These are the Irvine Players, and their tabloid tragedies and comedies are as interesting as anything the air has to offer. Watch out for them.

The Riesenfeld Concerts, broadcast at 12.30 each Sunday from the Rivoli, are a new departure that has met with immense favor. It fills a time when the air is barren of music and makes a pleasing interlude between church and church.

The "Points of Progress" lecture, put over by the Waterman Pen people on WEA, is a weekly feature combining both educational and entertainment value. Various historical events are described and appropriate music fixes the picture in the mind.

One of the most interesting events on Radio is the broadcasting of WJZ of Adolph Lewisson's concerts from Hunter College. This was broadcast in a garbled form last Winter by WNYC, which, with the best intentions in the world, is unable to transmit an out-of-the-studio event with any beauty of reproduction. This chamber music at the hands of WJZ comes over with a beauty that must delight the real musician who deigns to don the earphones.





## By L'Homme Qui Sait

**F**OLLOWING the importation next year of *On with the Dance*, one of the London revues, it is understood ARCH SELWYN would bring over a new and even more recent revue called *Still Dancing*, which the dispatches claim is the fastest thing that has struck Mayfair since M. ARLEN passed through.

CHARLES L. WAGNER will next produce a play called *Pig Iron* and ROBERTA ARNOLD is to be the featured lady. TOM WILKES, from 'way out on the Coast, will be associated with WAGNER.

MR. BELASCO, who last year issued a record of his life work in the shape of all the plays in which he had appeared, directed, produced or written, is now preparing a brochure on his *Deburau* production of some years back—a highly artistic work which failed to make money because of its size.

A British play of the mystery variety and called *No. 17*, is understood to be reposing in FROHMAN archives awaiting a chance for early production.

In addition to the new theatres on Forty-seventh Street near Eighth Avenue, two in number and both owned by the CHANIN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, there will be two more in that neighborhood, one at Forty-fourth and Eighth and another at Forty-fifth and Eighth. And when these are erected, the CHANIN firm says that still another will be built.

E. H. SOTHERN, it is believed, will tour the rest of this season and all of next with *Accused*, his present vehicle, and the great touring possibilities of the play are what caused its production, inasmuch as MR. SOTHERN desired a vehicle for himself—MISS MARLOWE being indisposed to act this season.

The THEATRE GUILD, being in the beginnings of its plan for a complete SHAW cycle, now says that for the next three years they will produce the Irishman's plays as fast as possible. The Klaw, one presumes, will be the theatre.

WINCHELL SMITH, who has staged, rewritten and doctored many plays, will turn producer temporarily and offer a new play by MICHAEL ARLEN. The play is called *The Last Aristocrat* and is one of two new ones, the other of which will be produced by A. H. WOODS.

ED WYNN will have a new revue next year, now untitled but "set" by A. L. ERLANGER, who handles the winning destinies of MR. WYNN, whose drawing powers on the road are getting to be prodigious.

Speaking of the road, one of its most famous theatres, the handsome Forrest in Philadelphia, is coming down soon to be replaced by a skyscraper, while its owners will replace the old Forrest with a new one farther up Broad Street.

GILBERT MILLER, who is going to produce a gala revival of *Julius Caesar*, is now in Rome seeking authentic material with which to embellish both his stage and costumes when he sends GODFREY TEARLE, BASIL RATHBONE and PHILIP MERIVALE out in their togas.

Although this isn't about the stage, it still concerns Broadway. *The Big Parade*, a motion picture which opened last month at the Astor Theatre, has proven so successful that no fewer than ten companies, with full orchestra and the rest of the equipment which marks a *de luxe* showing, will tour the land.

Only recently it was noted that ANN HARDING had protested her name going in lights over the Eltinge marquee. Now comes another tale of a first-water star, INA CLAIRE, who asked that A. E. MATTHEWS and ROLAND YOUNG be featured in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, al-



though her contract with C. B. DILLINGHAM called for no one else to be mentioned in the billing. After you, Monsieur Alphonse—

Broadway has certainly cackled over the two *Hamlet* productions, one in classic garb and the other in modern dress. Over the latter several of the daily newspaper critics, who cheer whenever somebody is watching, outwrote themselves for several weeks, but the modern *Hamlet* did not get as much at its box-office in three weeks as the HAMPDEN-BARRYMORE production up past Columbus Circle would get in an average week.

EARL CARROLL is moving his musical comedy, *The Florida Girl*, down to the boom State shortly (or maybe when this appears it will already have moved). The explanation is that Florida real-estate folks were interested financially in the CARROLL show.

A musical show from the Pacific Coast, called *All for You*, is reported heading shortly for New York under the wing of TOM WILKES. He produced it at the Mason Opera House in Los Angeles with little NANCY WELFORD as the leading attraction. If it does come to New York, it will mark the first time in five years, or since the FANCHON AND MARCO revue was here, that a Coast attraction has tried its tender feet on the rough spots of Broadway.

IVOR NOVELLO will play the leading rôle in the London production of *The Firebrand*, which, by all portents and promises, should be in rehearsal at this time.

The Criterion Theatre, New York, which for many years has been given over to the silent drama or movies, as they are quaintly called, will go back in the "speaking-play" column once more, for by the time these lines appear it is likely that ELSIE FERGUSON will be ensconced therein as star of *The Dark*.

Somewhere in the Springtime LAWRENCE SCHWAB and FRANK MANDEL will produce a musical-comedy version of *A Pair of Sixes* and a young fellow named WILLIE COLLIER will be prominent in the cast.

MR. F. ZIEGFELD, who produces lavish musical comedies, will soon bring a new one, called *Goin' South*, to the ZIEGFELD-COSMOPOLITAN on Columbus Circle.

Inasmuch as DAVID BELASCO has produced *Salvage*, it is certain he will now begin the widely publicized EDWARD SHELDON play, *Lulu Belle*, in which LENORE ULRIC will star. All mail coming from the D. B. offices recently has been counter-sealed with a large red star on which is printed the legend—*Lulu Belle*.

There are nine companies of *The Student Prince* now playing up and down the country; five troupes are carrying the *Rose-Marie* melodies, while *No, No, Nanette*, is being played by six companies in the United States, by one in London, Vienna, and even India has heard its "Tea for Two" and "I Want to Be Happy" songs.

Having made some money with *They Knew What They Wanted*, an American play, the Theatre Guild has accepted three more native works for production, thereby striking terror in Magyar, French and German breasts. *Crack o' Doom*, by one Victor Victor, will probably be the first to reach production. In the SHAW series *Pygmalion* is mentioned as the next play to be revived.

WALTER HAMPDEN and ETHEL BARRYMORE, having been *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* for many weeks, will shortly don new costumes and the result will change them to Shylock and Portia, respectively.

ROBERT MILTON, INC., will follow their LEE WILSON DODD melodrama, which is temporarily called *The Fiend*, with a play by STRUTHERS BURT called *Silver Apples*.



# T H E A M A T E U R S T A G E

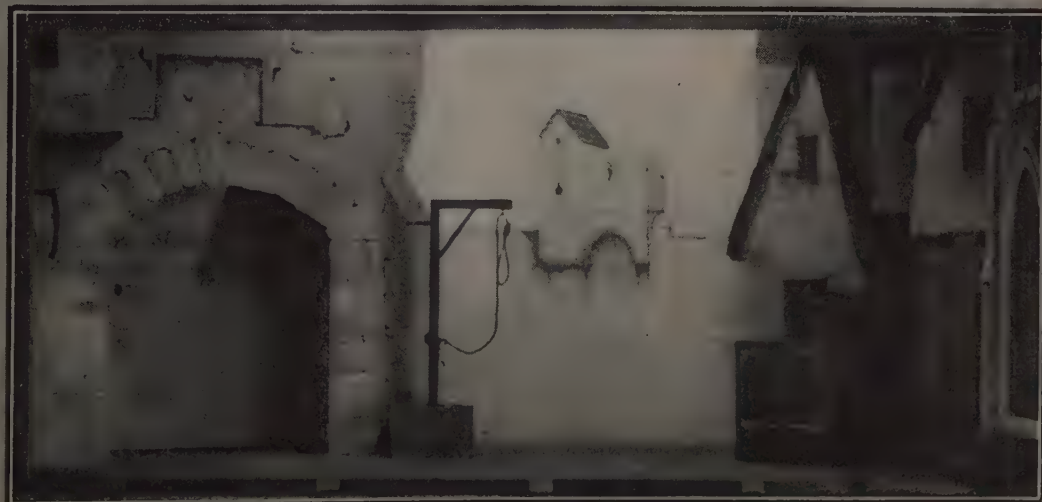
Edited by M. E. KEHOE



(Above) A simple set for *The Merchant of Venice*, constructed by the students of the San José High School, San José, Cal. The general tone of the set was gray, stippled in rose and green, to take on different light effects. The set, which was used for all five scenes of the play, with changes of properties and detail, was suggested by Paul Stevenson, Art Director of the Ypsilanti Players



The Players of Utica, N. Y., presented *If I Were King* with notable success. Their two settings from Acts I and IV, shown here-with, were particularly effective. The scenery and costumes were designed and executed in their workshop, with the exception of the set for the fourth act, which was designed by a member and executed outside their workshop





# DRAMATIC TRAINING IN OUR COLLEGES

## The Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina

THE University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, the home of The Carolina Playmakers, is the oldest of all our State universities. It was founded in 1789 and has well been called "The Mother of State Universities."

The Carolina Playmakers were organized in 1918 by Frederick H. Koch, who had come to the university as Professor of Dramatic Literature. Before this, Professor Koch had been doing pioneer work in North Dakota since 1905—long before the beginnings of the Little Theatre movement. There he founded The Dakota Playmakers at the University of North Dakota. Believing that "the locality, if it be truly interpreted, is the only universal," Professor Koch has developed the writing of native plays in America as The Abbey Theatre group has done in Ireland. Augustus Thomas has said of the published volumes of *Carolina Folk-Plays*: "I consider them fully equal to any of the Irish folklore plays produced by The Abbey Company under Lady Gregory's direction." And the folk-dramas of Dakota and of Carolina have made a definite impress on the professional theatre.

ANYONE interested in writing, producing or acting in plays may become a Playmaker. The group includes students and members of the faculty from all departments of the university. Professor Koch is interested not only in the creation of a North Carolina drama, but welcomes students from other sections of the country to write plays of their own locality, based upon their own observation and experience. (Last Summer, at Columbia University, he gave a course in playwriting for a group representing widely different localities, ranging from Minnesota to Louisiana.) One of the most remarkable plays written and produced by The Playmakers at Chapel Hill was a Chinese folk-play, *The Thrice-Promised Bride*, written by Mr. Cheng-Chin Hsiung of Nan Chang, China, who came to North Carolina for graduate work in the drama. The play has a naïveté of humor and imagination and it has been published in Frank Shay's volume of *International Plays*. So The Carolina Playmakers invite to their fellowship of playwrights and craftsmen students from beyond the borders of their own State who are seriously interested in the making of an American folk theatre.

*This is the first of a series of articles devoted to the growth of the drama in our colleges.—Editor.*

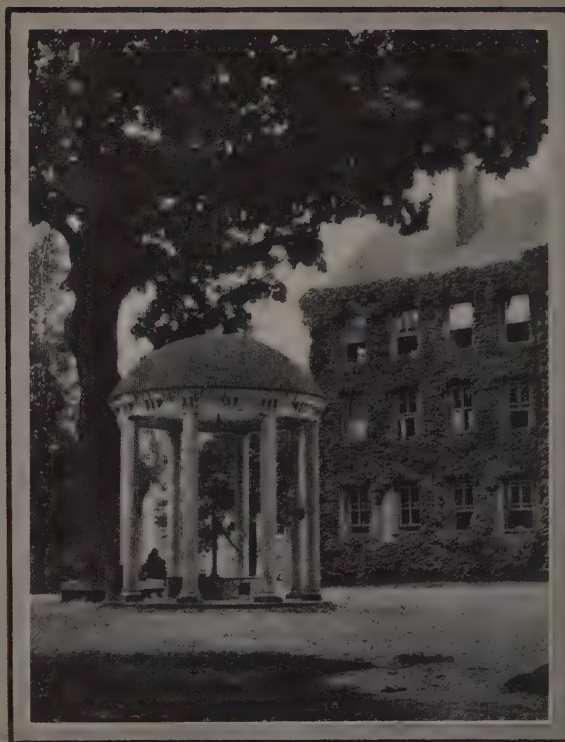


Prof. Frederick H. Koch, Founder of the Carolina Playmakers and Director of Dramatic Literature at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE stated aim of The Playmakers is to promote and encourage dramatic art, especially by the production and publication of plays; to serve as an experimental theatre for the development of plays representing the traditions and various phases of present-day life of the people; and to extend its influences in the establishment of a native theatre in other communities.

Their chief activities fulfilling this aim are threefold: The production of original plays in The Playmakers' Theatre at Chapel Hill, the State Tours, which carry the plays back to the people they interpret, and the Bureau of Community Drama, which promotes good drama throughout the State.

Although formally listed in the university catalogue as English 31, Dramatic Composition, there is a delightful informality about the playwriting group in which the *Carolina Folk-Plays* originate. This per-



The old well—a relic of other days—on the campus of the University of North Carolina

haps explains their spontaneity. In a sonnet published in the *THEATRE MAGAZINE* last year, Professor Koch is termed by one of the students of this group "The Sower of Dreams." He is also their cultivator. Under his sympathetic guidance the rough ideas of the student-playwright gradually create their own forms. For this reason the plays and production of The Carolina Playmakers have a freshness and vigor not often found in the non-professional theatre.

THE best plays written in the course are read each quarter at an authors' reading. From these the Play Committee makes the selection for the new production in The Playmakers' Theatre. The Playmakers' Theatre Building on the campus is the first State theatre dedicated to native drama. It is a building of classic dignity and beauty. Going back to the days before the Civil War, this vine-clad home of The Playmakers is a place of historic memories. The old building was formerly used as a ballroom for university festivities. The opening play of the dedication performance in November presented a romance of college youth before the Civil War. The scene was laid on the porch of the old building on the night Fort Sumter was fired upon.

THE inside of the building has been entirely remodeled. The auditorium contains three hundred and forty-five seats on a single inclined floor. Each seat affords a perfect view of the stage. The stage equipment and the lighting system—designed and installed by Mr. Monroe Pevear, of Boston—are flexible and well





Scene from one of the Carolina folk-plays—*The Scuffletown Outlaws*, by William Norment Cox, a tragedy of the Croatan Indian outlaws of Robeson County, North Carolina. Frances Gray as June Lowrie, William Norment Cox, the author, as Henry Berry Lowrie, leader of the outlaw gang, and Louise Sawyer as Rhody Lowrie, wife of Henry Berry

adapted for experimental purposes. Here directors of outside groups may come for aid in working out their problems of stagecraft. In this way The Playmakers' Theatre is the radial center for dramatic art in North Carolina—and beyond.

The theatre building also serves as a working laboratory for the students in English 34, the university course in play production. Here students, under the direction of Mr. George V. Denny, Assistant Director and Manager of The Playmakers, have created some interesting and unusual effects in scenery and lighting.

SINCE their initial bill of original folk-plays on March 14, 1919, on a make-shift stage they built themselves in the Chapel Hill High School—there being no auditorium available on the campus—The Carolina Playmakers have produced forty-two of their own native plays, in addition to a series of studio productions of standard and classic plays and a number of Shakespearian productions on the lovely out-of-door stage of their forest theatre. In these various productions over 475 players have participated and ninety-four North Carolina towns have been visited. Many of these had had no real dramatic production in years. Altogether, The Playmakers have played before more than one

hundred thousand people.

Besides their home performances in Chapel Hill, they have taken their plays out over the State from coastal towns to mountain villages—for their stage equipment is portable and may easily be adapted to any town hall or school auditorium. They travel in a big white automobile bus, The Playmakers' Special, with their scenery and lighting equipment in a Ford truck behind. They have made ten tours of North Carolina and last season a most successful tour farther south. In such cities as Charleston, Atlanta and Savannah they were received with vast enthusiasm.



Margaret Jones as Jane Pettigrew, in *The Honor of Bonava*, by Judge Robert Watson Winston, formerly a member of the Superior Court of North Carolina. This folk-play presents a picture of the old South of reconstruction days

PROFESSOR KOCH believes that the touring of the players is an essential part of their training in bringing them into closer contact with the folk-life of their people. His theory has been justified by several significant plays which have resulted. One of the most interesting examples is William Norment Cox's play, *The Scuffletown Outlaws*.

While The Playmakers were touring eastern North Carolina in the Spring of 1924, they played at Red Springs, in Robeson County, near the notorious Scuffletown Swamp, the home of the Lowrie outlaws. "Bill" Cox, one of the troupers, had lived since early childhood in the heart of the Lowrie country. Several of his kinsmen had been killed in the fight to exterminate the outlaws. The thing was in his blood, a vital part of his inheritance. He told Professor Koch many of the old incidents, ending with, "There's a great play to be written here, 'Prof.'" Characteristically, Professor Koch answered, "Well, Bill, I guess you'll have to write it then." So *The Scuffletown Outlaws* was written. Professor Koch has said of the play, "It is a thing of elemental power and strange beauty—a remarkable first play."

THE part of Henry Berry Lowrie, the outlaw chief, was played by the author himself, who interpreted the part "with uncanny sympathy and gripping reality." He carried in the play the very gun which belonged originally to Henry Berry Lowrie. It was taken from his dead body in Ashpole Swamp and bears on its stock three notches, recording the white men killed.

Perhaps the keenest appreciation of this tragedy of the Croatan Indian outlaws came from Mr. Cox's uncle, Mr. Frank McKay, who played an active part in the Lowrie struggle and who still has in his back five buckshot from the gun of Henry Berry Lowrie. After the play "Uncle Frank" said, "It was fine alright! But I guess it was too real for me. I could hardly sit through it."

And so these young playwrights and actors draw from their contact with the Carolina folk the tang of the soil, the sea and the mountain, and the richness of the native personality. Translating it into plays, they give it back to the people with a new and larger significance. As a young Playmaker once expressed it:

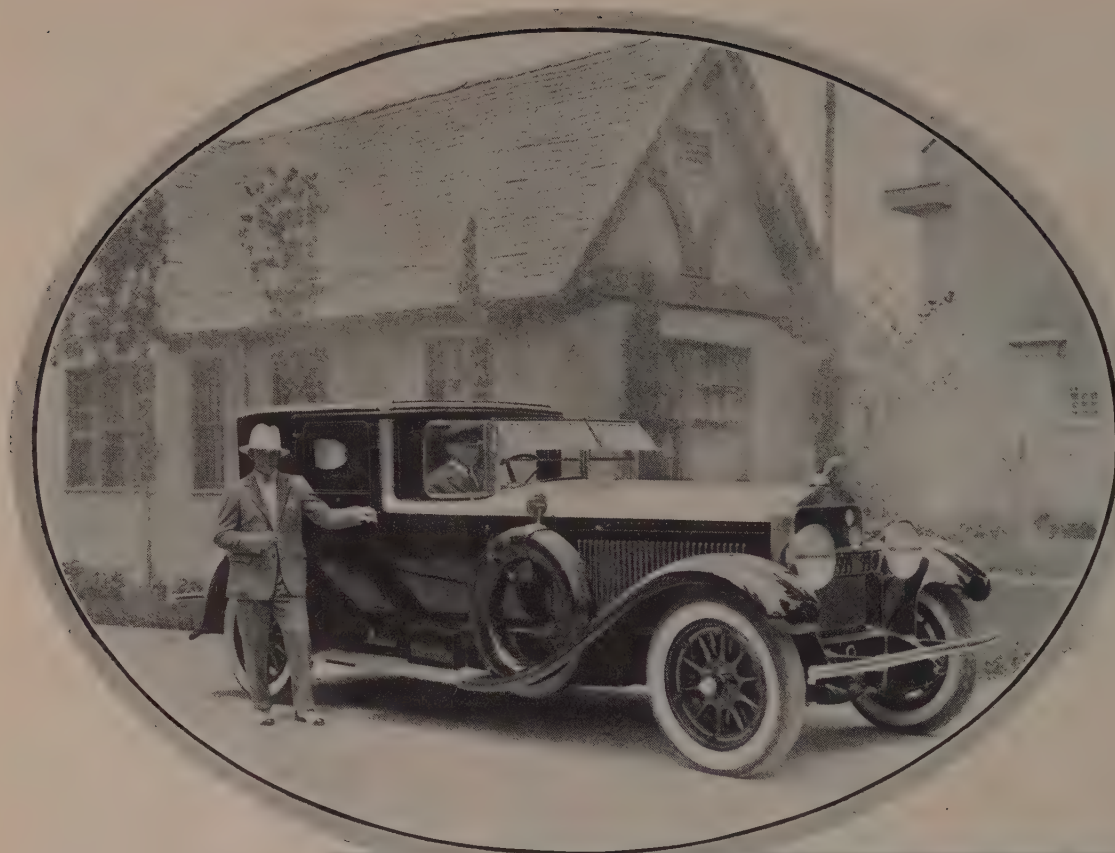
"If you can see the world  
with me  
And I can see the world  
with you,  
I'm sure that both of us  
will see  
Things that neither of  
us do."

THE touring of The Playmakers has aroused a new interest in the drama throughout the State. To meet this need The Bureau of Community Drama was organized in 1918 by Professor Koch. The  
(Continued on page 64)



A Chinese folk-play, *The Thrice-Promised Bride*, written by Cheng-Chin Hsiung, of Nan Chang, China, one of Professor Koch's students in the play-writing class at Chapel Hill, and produced by The Carolina Playmakers





Rudolph Valentino dashes about desert sands on beautiful steeds, but for dashing about Hollywood, New York, etc., the "sheik" finds that his super-eight Isotta-Fraschini is as picturesque and more practical. The limousine is jet black, save for the highly polished aluminum hood, and the upholstery is also in black, with appointments in rich inlaid walnut

This Stutz coupé, which accommodates four passengers comfortably, may be ordered in the most attractive of colors—Aztec or Calumet gray or Shawnee blue. Among the features which recommend it are its powerful valve-in-head motors, three-bearing, counterbalanced crankshaft and hydraulic four-wheel brakes

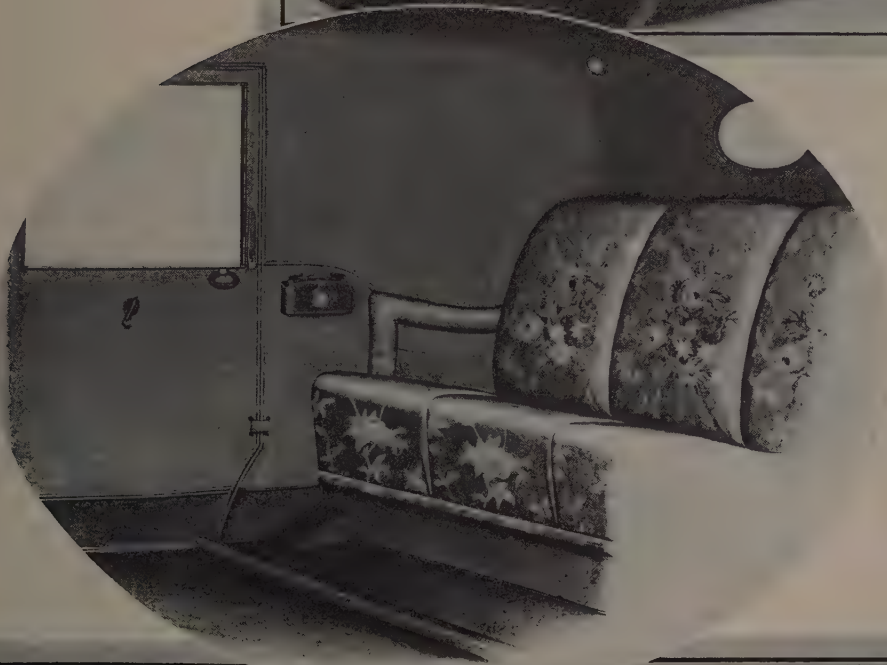


#### A QUINTET OF CLOSED CARS

*With the growing tendency to luxuriousness and strength in automobile building, each man's car is now his castle*



Billie Burke has an eye to smartness and comfort and so she picked this eight-cylinder equipped Peerless coupé for her personal use



The stunning interior of this Lincoln cabriolet illustrates that the tendency of automobile upholstery is away from the ultra-conservative. The exquisite needle-point tapestry of the seat was especially imported from France, the material woven in beautiful and brilliant floral designs. The carpet is a pastel gray and the walls and ceiling of a castor-shade broadcloth. There are two auxiliary seats—one facing the side, another the back of the car. The fittings are of bronze, gracefully designed



Dorothy Stone, daughter of the famous Fred, creates a new proverb: "A stepping-stone may gather a Cadillac." The dainty dancer was recently presented with this handsome Cadillac brougham as grand prize in a subscription contest



Photos by Muray

Tamara in one of the fashionable two-piece frocks of gold cloth, with the overblouse shirred at the front and decorated with a youthful streamer bow



FASHIONS OF NEW  
YORK AND PARIS  
AS INTRODUCED  
BY THE WOMEN  
OF THE STAGE  
AND SCREEN

Models designed by  
Bergdorf and Goodman



Peggy Joyce, who has just made her screen debut in *Skyrocket*, goes in for the straight silhouette, which is apparent in this divine evening wrap for Southern wear—silver lace over chiffon, with collar of blue fox

Tamara, of the dancing team of Tamara and Fowler, introduced a number of modified Spanish fashions adapted to modern wear. In this simple frock of black satin the tiered skirt is achieved by means of a long-shaped drapery attached to the side of the dress and which may be adjusted in any desired manner





Photos by Muray



Boué Soeurs have named this dress "Vampire." Many large ruffles of black net over Chantilly lace give the bouffant effect on the side. A large black velvet butterfly, attached to a flesh-colored chiffon bodice, gives the finished vampish touch



An exquisite Henri Bendel evening gown of metal brocade cloth in lovely shades of blue is draped in a diagonal fashion with panel drapery, side back



Carolyn Thomson, leading woman in *The Vagabond King*, wearing a Henri Bendel evening gown of gold metal cloth, draped to one side with a hip sash





This delightful white crêpe romaine evening gown is embroidered with rhinestones and ~~leaves~~ <sup>rhinestones</sup>. Over a thousand crêpe leaves are separately sewed and embroidered on by hand. A fetching crêpe sash is pinned to one side

The last word in an evening wrap is this green-and-silver brocade, trimmed with Chapchilla fur and lined with jade mirror satin

A bewitching negligée of pervanche blue marquisette over the same color crêpe satin and combined with gold lace



Photos  
Aimé DuPont

Miss Evelyn McHorter, of Lucille Staff, Inc., is the creator of these beautiful clothes







Marthe Pinchart has come to the front as one of the most original and successful *couturiers* of Paris. These sketches are her newest designs, made for Yvonne Printemps, the charming *comédienne* and wife of Sacha Guitry

*Left:* A white georgette gold-and-silver brocaded evening gown, ornamented with bands of rhinestones and emeralds

Black lace, over gold cloth, embroidered all over with coral roses, gives a beautiful softening effect. Large bouffant bows are the ends of the tulle belts



Simplicity of line is the charm of this silver cloth gown, embroidered in iridescent pearls and rhinestones

This distinguished brown-shaded evening gown has an unusual trimming on the skirt. Muffets of dark-brown georgette, embroidered in rhinestones

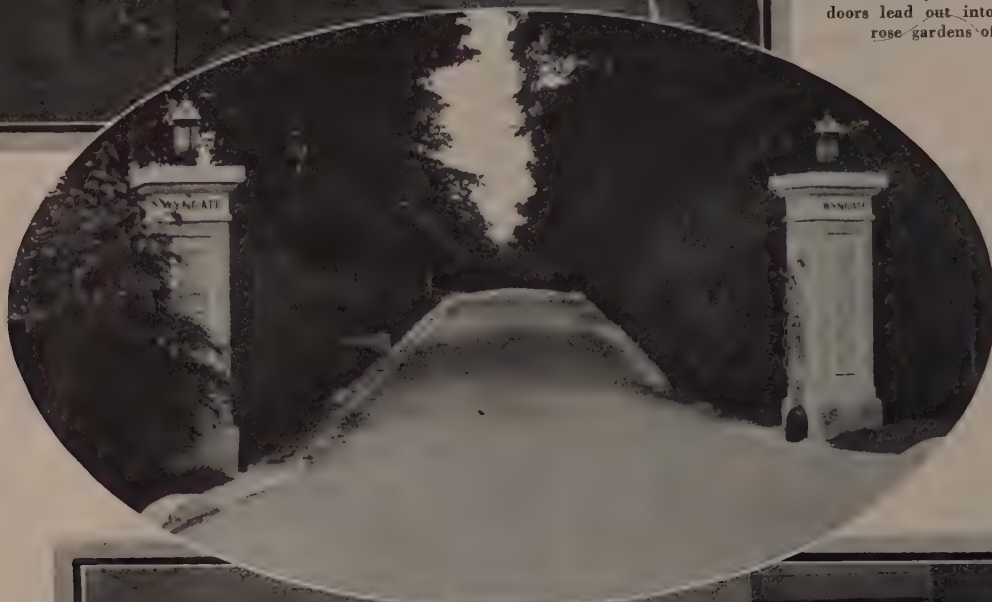






**"WYNGATE": THE  
PERFECT HOME OF  
ED WYNN, THE PER-  
FECT FUNMAKER, IS  
ONE OF THE SHOW  
PLACES AT GREAT  
NECK, L. I.**

The unusual feature of this charming dining-room is its oval shape. The daintily curtained French doors lead out into the beautiful rose gardens of Wyngate



The sweeping entrance to Wyngate, with its wide driveway, bordered on either side by heavy shrubbery and stately trees

Everything in Mrs. Wynn's boudoir breathes the spirit of France, from the exquisite hangings and chaise-lounge to the decorative marble mantel with its delicate little ornaments





The spacious entrance and hallway prepare the visitor for the dignity of the home itself. The effect of vastness is created by the marble walls, which are two stories high. Balconies, from which the sleeping rooms are entered, circle about the magnificent entrance hall



The south wall of the living-room, showing the elaborate needle-point couch and chairs which furnish a luxurious note



Ed Wynn finds that one of the most cheerful and comfortable spots in his large house is the fireplace in the living-room. The Italian marble mantel adds greatly to the beauty of the room, while the fire seat lends it an air of warm friendliness





# Where Yale Will Teach You How to Write Plays



(Continued from page 20)

performances in Cambridge. Downstairs is a carpentry and paint-room and a small coffee-room. After rehearsals, members of the workshop company gather here for a bit of food and there are merry sessions with hungry students eat and talk drama.

There has already been one tryout performance at Yale this season. It consisted of a program of two one-act plays written by Professor Baker's former students. They were *Incense*, by Hallie Flannigan, and *Celeste*, by Helen Gaskill. The plays and performances were a credit to the university. A long play by Boyd Smith is now in rehearsal and will be presented shortly. It was originally written in "English 47" at Harvard and has been thoroughly revised at Yale.

"About thirty-five have volunteered to act," explained Professor Baker as we peeped into the rehearsal-room where the company was rehearsing. "We have been going through a sifting process and are still sifting. In this way we have obtained some very promising material. By Christmas we shall know the capabilities of our material."

"On September 24 digging for the foundations of our University Theatre began. The site on York Street, at the head of Library Street, is ideal for the purposes of the building. It will be the first modern Gothic theatre in the world. It may surprise that departure has been made from the established Renaissance or other types, but the neighboring buildings—the Memorial Quadrangle, the new dormitory

opposite Harkness, the Wolf's Head and the plans for the Delta Kappa Epsilon house—demanded Gothic in any structure placed on the theatre sit. The front will be of limestone and seam-faced granite. The sides and rear will be a combination of stone and brick in the same style as the court of the Memorial Quadrangle.

"Usually when an architect building a theatre has provided for his auditorium, stage, dressing-rooms, some offices and approaches to the building, his problem is over. In the case of the University Theatre, however, the demand was sixfold; for a theatre in the usual sense; for lecture-rooms, at least one seating over 100, and another 30; workshops where scenery and costumes can be made, the lighting equipment kept and prepared; rehearsal-rooms, so that more than one play, or different acts of the same play, may be in rehearsal at the same time; a green-room as a social center for the actors and the working force of the theatre; and adequate quarters for the Yale Dramatic Association.

"The Yale Dramatic Association will have the quarters for which it has long planned. In one corner of the building it will have, with its own entrance, a green-room, 23 x 26; an office and a rehearsal-room, where, uncomplicated by any daily needs of the work of the Department of Drama, it can prepare its plays on the scale of the stage of the theatre itself. There will be storage space for scenery, property and costumes entirely controlled

by the Yale Dramatic Association.

"The basement of the main building will provide a lecture-room seating 160, or divisible by doors into two lecture-rooms; a rehearsal-room under the stage for the simple roughing in of plays; a foyer or lounge for use between the acts on nights of regular performances; a coat-room and an experimental stage for flats and drapes, with a plaster cupola horizon. The whole building is so planned that the theatre proper, when not in use, can be shut off and all the other parts of the building in use reached by other approaches.

"The offices for the teaching staff, the general office, the green-room for the workshop and the smaller lecture-room are on the first and second floors of the two-story construction at the left of the theatre proper. On the second floor, too, are the rooms for the making, dyeing and storing of costumes. Close at hand, as they should be, are the dressing-rooms for the actors.

"From the applicants for admission only something over 50 per cent. have been admitted—approximately twenty-five women and fifty men. They come from a half-dozen colleges and universities besides Yale, and from all parts of the country.

"The staff for the coming year, besides Mr. Baker as director, includes assistant in directing, Hubert Osborne; instructor in costume, Evelyn Cohen; instructor in lighting, Stanley R. McCandless, and instructor in scenic design, Donald Oenslager."

In concluding this article on Professor Baker and his new work at Yale, I should like to quote an appreciation of him that appeared in Rollo Walter Brown's recently published book, "The Creative Spirit." After describing the splendid pioneer work of Professor Baker, Mr. Brown says:

"In this college movement for a drama of national life many tireless men and women have given their intelligence, their utmost energy and their long-suffering patience. Prof. George P. Baker has done more, unquestionably, than any other college man of his time. . . . And now, after his fifteen years of fighting for what often must have seemed a lost cause, few men could have greater satisfaction in the fruitage of their labors. We have, as a direct result, a number of young playwrights who have higher standards of technique and a clearer vision of what the dramatist may attempt than they otherwise could have had. This, I believe, it should be said to his credit, has been his smallest contribution. We have—and this seems to me his greatest contribution—an entire nation dotted over with his disciples and with the disciples of other college men to whom he gave comfort when they were less strategically situated than he was, who have undertaken all sorts of dramatic experiments. Go to New Mexico, to Minnesota, to Kansas, to Illinois, to California, to New York State, to North Carolina, to Texas, and you will find his followers in new centers of dramatic activity."



## Accidents Will Happen

(Continued from page 10)

be applied for a moment, which it was thought would bring the animal to its feet with a bound and howl when the cue in *The Man Who Dared* demanded it. Hall was to wear shoes with insulated soles. There seemed to be nothing to be gained by running unnecessary risks at rehearsals, so the star was thrown into the den for the first time at the *première* of the play. There was tremendous excitement in the audience. When Leo found himself in the bright glare of the footlights, he jumped up and paced the cage, looking unusually active and hungry. Hall was considered a hero to take such chances in the cause of art; but when he was thrown into the cage and the electricity was applied for the grand climax, the lion did not fancy the tickling sensation, and instead of pouncing upon his helpless victim, he deliberately ran away from him and

crouched in a heap at the opposite side of the cage, turning his back upon the actor as if thoroughly disgusted with the whole proceedings. Naturally, the audience that had expected a wild thrill, burst into gales of laughter and it was necessary to ring down the curtain.

Robert Downing and William Farnum were appearing in *Virginius* in Texas and when the drama was three-quarters over an excited and excitable cowboy in the audience jumped to his feet and yelled that if somebody didn't kill Appius and Claudius in short order, he'd see what he could do himself—whereupon the curtain was rung down, the offender was asked to leave the house and the effect upon the audience was to make it laugh the remainder of the evening.

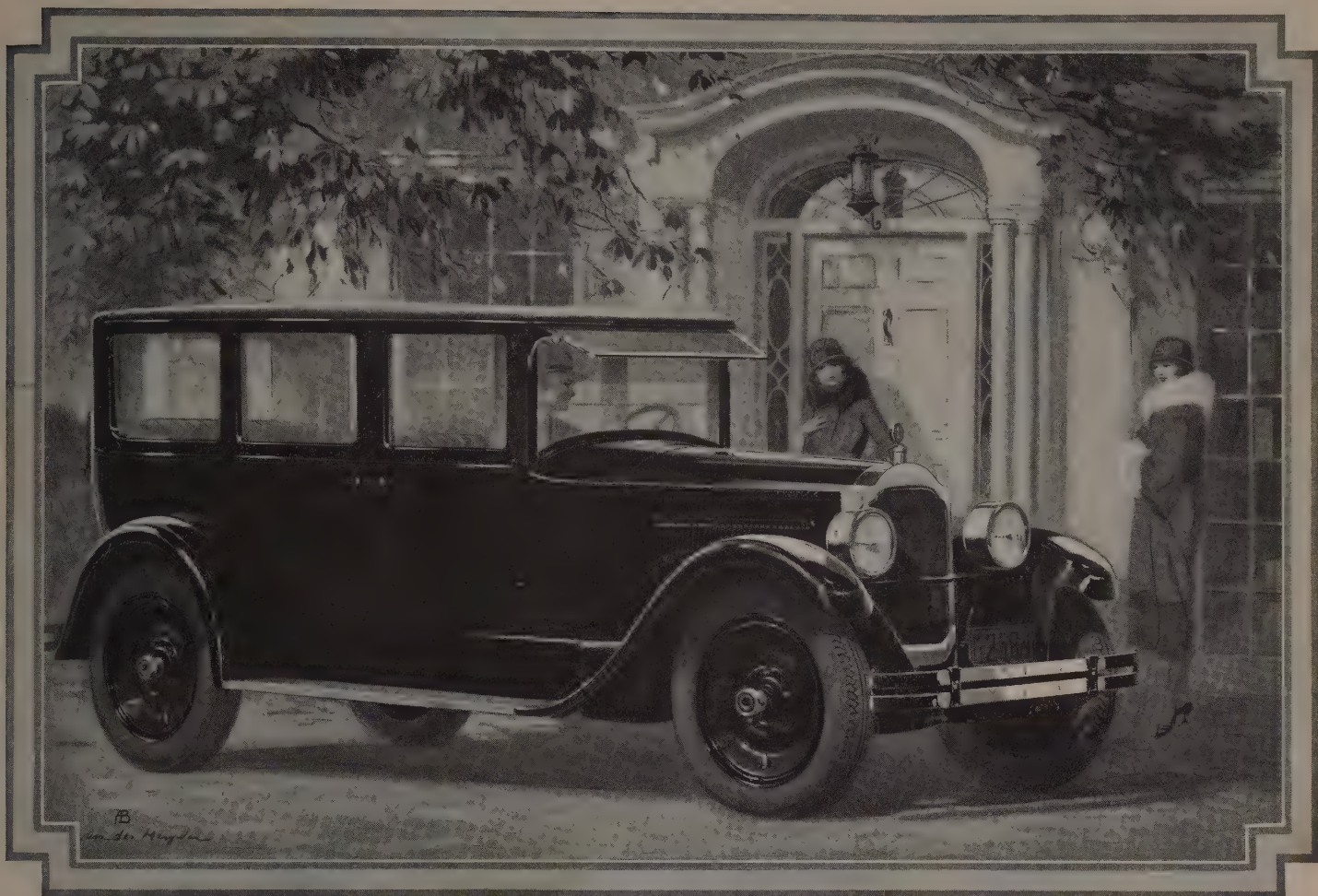
Quite by accident the actress known to the world as Gaby Deslys appeared at Lisbon, Portugal, just before the

revolution that drove King Manuel from his throne. *Cherchez la femme*. What more natural in the search for the woman than for the king's enemies to decide that he had wasted fabulous sums of money to purchase jewels for one whom he was said to have admired at the theatre? Managers and publicity promoters were quick to seize upon the story, aided and abetted by the newspapers of the world, and an inconspicuous little singer and dancer, who had a wee voice and practically no dancing ability, was thrust into the limelight. And so willing was she to play the unexpected rôle that she applied herself to strenuous study and training, so that she became a first-rate entertainer of a sort—at an enormous salary—and died a wealthy woman.

When H. H. Frazee, who had commissioned the musical version of the farce known as *My Lady Friends*,

witnessed the first performance of *No, No, Nanette*, as it was called, he felt certain that he had a failure and seriously considered sending the production to the storehouse at the end of the first week. He underwent a change of mind, however, and watching various performances, before the week was over, he thought it might be possible to save it by cuts, changes and interpolations. He called the composer of the music into conference and suggested: "In the first act everything is too gloomy and sad—it breaks their hearts before they have a chance to laugh. Why not give them a song about being happy, at least that they want to be happy or ought to be happy—something like that?" The result of the suggestion was the song, "I Want to Be Happy," which with another song, "Tea for Two," contributed about fifty per cent. to this maker of a million dollars for the producer.





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## STAGE DOOR—NO ADMISSION

(Continued from page 24)



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hopes—for hope never dies in the actor's breast—he is playing great scenes. Actors who have silently watched him on stage, playing to an invisible audience, say he acts well his parts.

"Nat" Leavitt, stage doorman at the Belasco Theatre, resembles his chief. A little taller and thinner, there is yet such a startling likeness that I, who have known Mr. Belasco most of my life, halted my steps to greet the Wizard one evening as I passed the gate that leads to the back door of his theatre. "Nat" smiled at my discomfiture.

"Everybody notices it," he said. "I say that one of the differences between Mr. Belasco and me is three million dollars. But he himself has spoken of the resemblance. Rushing in one night past my window, he said to the man with him, 'He has my hair. That's one thing they can't take from us.'"

Nat Leavitt is an ex-minstrel man. Occasionally his upright figure and striking, patriarchal face, crowned by its abundance of waving white hair, is utilized in motion pictures. He is the son of Andrew Leavitt, who wrote minstrel songs. His "Razor Jim" has survived half a century of many-voiced song.

At seventy-six Mr. Leavitt views the world with a philosophic smile. He observes keenly and smiles at what he sees. Lenore Ulric is his favorite of the stars that have shone at him through the little sentry window at the right of the Belasco stage door. "She was always full of life. Always in high spirits. The night she left us I said 'I hope we'll see you back here again.' She flashed at me one of her glowing smiles and said, 'You bet your life you'll see me back.' Words that, it seems, were prophetic."

### A LITERARY ARGUS

AT the back door of the Belmont a compactly built man sat with his chair tilted back against the wall. He was reading a green paper-covered periodical. It was the *American Mercury*.

"I'm a disappointed playwright." John Carroll's eyes were more hopeful than his words. He has been so near to a production several times that he was notified of the date for an opening.

John Carroll had been an actor and a property-man before reaching the state of guardianship. He knows temperament in all its aspects.

"One of the stars who played here had a fight with another member of the cast. She came tearing down the steep, high stairs in running jumps. You know those steps. They are as safe for uncertain feet as Ute Pass. She reached this door shrieking. She said, 'Call a policeman. I am going to have this person arrested.' It was only ten minutes to curtain time. I set

out, but didn't go far. Believe me, I didn't look far for a policeman. If I had seen one, I would have overlooked him. Just as I expected, those principals made up the same evening."

As property-man at the Metropolitan Opera House and in his other capacities John Carroll has watched the progress of events on Broadway with a sagacious eye. "Mr. Herndon, who, by the way, is one of the finest men on this planet, is right. He said when he returned one of my plays, 'Everyone is working for success. But everyone has to go through hell to get it.'"

### SMILES AND IRON FISTS

WILLIAM AARONS is the toughest of the doormen. Because he is fearless and never hesitates to say what he thinks and that with emphasis, he was elected president of the Doormen's Union. He is the leader of one hundred and seventy-five Cerberuses of the theatre. Despite his veteranism—he has served at the back doors of theatres for twenty-nine years—he has the force of a Dempsey behind his knuckles. As two importunate youths discovered when he resorted to the last means of argument with them. When he had trounced the paling youths, he haled them to court for disorderly conduct. The judge imposed a fine of twenty-five dollars and a heavier reprimand. President Aarons has a pair of eyes that pierce the night and ears that recognize any variation from the midnight silence of his theatre. Upon his recent brooding fell a sound distant but significant. It was that of a softly opened door. He hurried to the row of dressing-rooms. Two youths were in one of them. At sight of him, they fled. He followed rapidly, for his wind is as good as his vision. He overtook them, while their burglarious legs dangled from a trapdoor, and hauled them down. Another sense, that of smell, remains acute in Bill Aarons. In the autumn there was the distant, faint scent of smoke at the Lyric's back door. He followed it to an elevator. There he discovered an infant blaze. He summoned Brothers Bill Cashman from the Selwyn and Arthur Buzen from the Apollo. The baby conflagration was quickly stamped out. For such reasons they know the man at the back door of the Lyric as "Old Alertness."

He never sleeps at his post. The long night watches find him always awake. "You aren't sleep," he said. "Would the keeper of a lighthouse sleep on his job? There's always a chance of something happening."

A man who guards the door of the Selwyn for his amiableness is known to Forty-third Street as Smiling Eddie. He was a popular Broadway bartender. Prohibition drove him to the stage door.

Smiling Eddie is master of one of  
(Continued on page 62)



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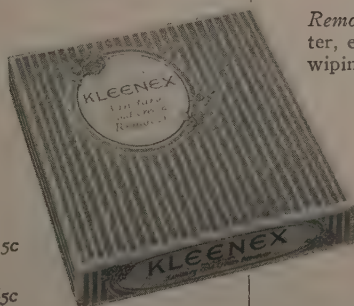
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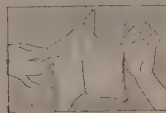
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# A TRUE STORY

By

RITA WEIMAN

Famous Author  
and Playwright



IT was in Paris that I first met Madame Bertie. I was chatting with Mrs. Watts Stevens, admittedly one of the great Continental beauties, and could not resist asking "How do you keep your skin so luminous and beautiful?" She laughed; "It is Madame Bertie who deserves all the credit. You must meet her." Two days later I was introduced. I saw a woman who, though a graduate physician and the mother of a grown son, has the skin of a baby and gives the impression of being eternally young. She smiled at my enthusiasm. "Most women," she told me, "mistake make-up for beauty. The skin does not require heavy cosmetics and creams. I have devoted years to studying the principle of skin culture. The result is a beauty treatment that—well—you see the result."

I was amazed to discover that the application of Produits Bertie is quite simple. First I was given a bottle of Lait d'Oesype, a luscious, creamy liquid which thoroughly cleansed the skin, leaving a soft velvety feeling that was marvelous. Lait d'Oesype, Madame pointed out, has the advantage of being not the least bit greasy, thus avoiding the possibility of coarsening the invisible hairs of the skin, a fault common to ordinary creams, cold creams and preparations that employ animal fat as a base. Next she used a small quantity of Eau Detersive. I immediately felt its "pull", a delightful tightening of the subcutaneous muscles. "Use Eau Detersive once a day," said this knowing French woman, "and time will have no terrors for you. There will never be a tell-tale wrinkle on face, neck or throat." Then came another fascinating flacon, Lait Mediana, which was gently patted on and allowed to dry. "A skin food, a nourishment for the epidermis," explained Madame, unscrewing the top of what I imagined was a cold cream jar. To my great astonishment there was disclosed a soft, fluffy, sea-foam substance, Creme Mediana. "This," said Madame, "is the foundation for your final toilette. It keeps dust or powder from clogging the pores."

"This is the most delightful treatment I have ever used," I exclaimed, "just what is it?" "That," her eyes twinkled wisely, "is my secret. I am, as you know, a graduate physician. But I found, here in Paris, an unusual prejudice against women doctors. I was a bit discouraged, until one of my friends suggested I prepare for her the same lotions I used. So many demands came from society and stage celebrities, that now I am busy, always." That was three years ago. There has never since been a day when I have been without Produits Bertie.

Rita Weiman

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lightful evening! You leave the drawing-room, having rowed with Bunty, and come here and row with Florence.

NICKY: Mother's impossible.

HELEN: She's no different from what she's always been.

NICKY: Well, I haven't realized it before.

Helen leads him to talk of Bunty and his days in Paris.

NICKY: If you'd seen me in Paris—studying, studying—all night long until the gray dawn put the guttering candle to shame—

HELEN: Candles gutter awfully quickly when they're burned at both ends. . . . I'm exceedingly worried about you, Nicky.

NICKY: You needn't be.

HELEN: You're sensitive and reserved and utterly foolish.

NICKY: Thanks—I'm beginning to feel beautifully picturesque.

HELEN: And you're scared.

NICKY: Why!

HELEN: Would you like me to tell you?

NICKY: Darling Helen—you've got such a lovely mind—like a Christmas card—with frosted robins and sheep wandering about in the snow—bleating.

HELEN: All the same, I should give up drugs if I were you.

Nicky is stunned for a moment, but tries to bluff it off.

NICKY: When did you find out?

HELEN: To-night.

NICKY: You needn't be frightened, Helen. I only take just the tiniest little bit, once in a blue moon.

HELEN: If anything goes wrong, you'll take a lot. Throw it away.

NICKY: I can't.

Helen's warning turns out to be no idle prophecy. Something goes wrong almost immediately. Bunty comes in and after an awkward approach informs Nicky that she prefers to call the engagement off.

BUNTY: We could never be happy.

NICKY: Perhaps not.

BUNTY: Shall we just—finish—then?

NICKY: Certainly. I'm sorry we were too modern to have an engagement ring: you'd have been able to give it back to me so beautifully.

BUNTY: Don't be ridiculous!

NICKY: Better than being blurred by sentiment.

The others come in and Nicky is persuaded to play one more jazz number, for a last dance, before going to bed. He plays with a fiendish perversity—first too fast and then too slow—until the guests give up in disgust and say good night. Tom and Bunty are left together. Tom is immensely relieved to learn that the engagement has been broken.

BUNTY: I'm sorry—for Nicky.

TOM: Oh, damn Nicky! You're worth ten of him any day. What's the use of a chap like that? He doesn't do anything except play the piano—he can't play any games, he's always trying to be funny—

BUNTY: Shut up, Tom; you're being rather cheap. I haven't reverted to type so quickly that I can't see some of the things I'm missing.

TOM: I wish I knew what you were talking about.

BUNTY (*bursts into tears*): Oh, God! I feel so miserable!

TOM: Bunty, stop crying. (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her. Florence comes quietly down-stairs.*)

FLORENCE (*like a pistol shot*): Tom! (*Tom and Bunty break away.*)

TOM: Yes, Florence?

FLORENCE (*ominously*): What does this mean?

Florence is in a rage. The explanation does not suffice. In the midst of her ranting Nicky quietly enters the room.

NICKY: Mother—not now—it's all wrong. Control yourself! Bunty—Bunty—do go to bed—please. (*He goes to the piano and begins to play jazz.*)

Florence goes to the fireplace, trembling with rage. Nicky goes on playing. Tom and Bunty go towards the stairs.

FLORENCE: Stop—I want an explanation, please!

BUNTY: How dare you speak like that?

FLORENCE: Get out of my house!

BUNTY: This is disgusting. . . . I shall leave the first thing in the morning; it's much too late to-night. (*She goes off. Nicky never stops playing for a moment.*)

FLORENCE: Tom. You kissed her—

TOM: Look here, Florence—I'm desperately sorry. You see, I'm afraid I love her.

FLORENCE (*hysterically*): You dare to stand there and say that to me? It's incredible—after all I've done for you—after all we've been to each other. It's contemptible—humiliating. Get out of my sight!

TOM (*turns and goes up-stairs*): Very well.

FLORENCE: Tom—Tom—come back—come back! (*She runs up-stairs after him. Nicky at last stops playing and lets his hands drop from the keys.*)

ACT III. The scene is Florence's bedroom the same night. Helen is in the room with her, trying to comfort her hysterical sobbing. Presently Nicky enters.

FLORENCE: I don't know what you mean—by coming here and ordering Helen out of my room.

NICKY: I'm sorry, mother. I felt I had to talk to you alone. I want to sympathize with you, too—and try to understand everything—

FLORENCE: Understand everything?

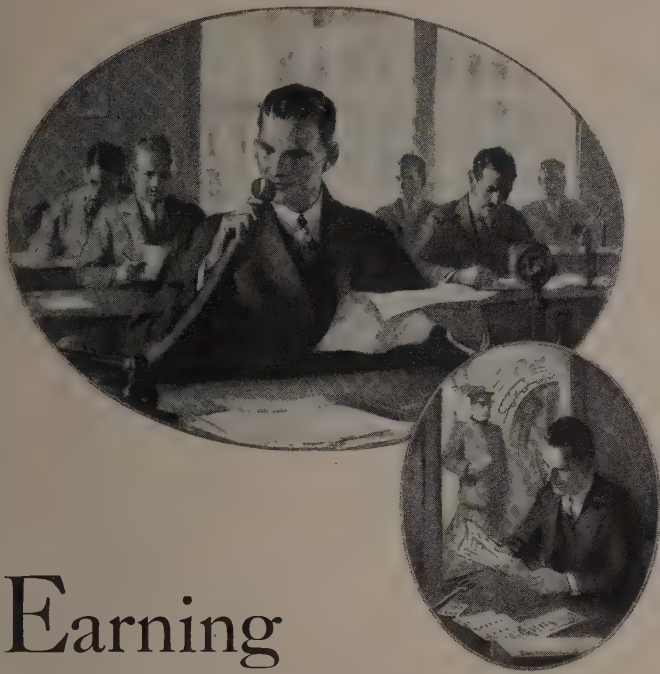
NICKY: Will you tell me things—as though I were somebody quite different? Things about your life?

FLORENCE: Really, Nicky—you're ridiculous.

NICKY (*with deadly vehemence*): Mother—sit down quietly. I'm not



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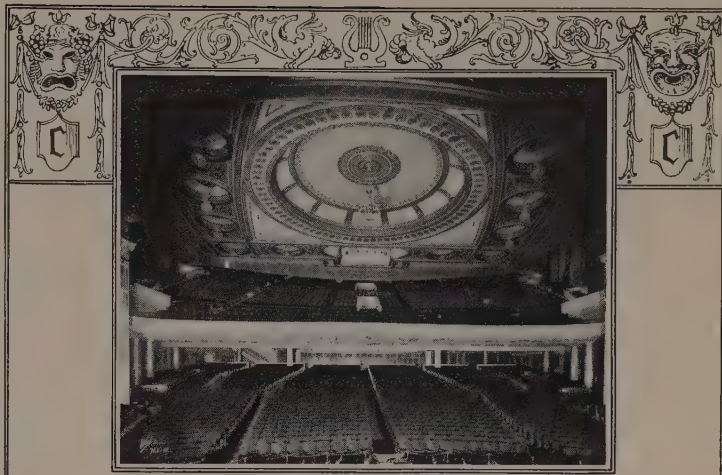
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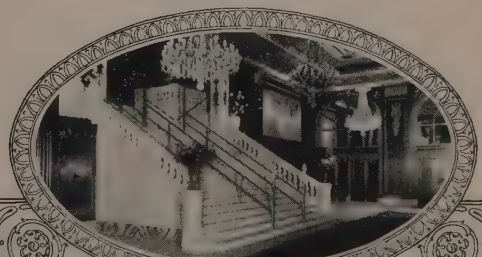
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going out of this room until I've got everything straight in my mind.

FLORENCE: Nicky—please—I—

NICKY: Tom Vryan has been your lover, hasn't he?

FLORENCE (*almost shrieking*): Nicky!

But Nicky is desperately persistent. Nicky: We're on awfully dangerous ground. I'm straining every nerve to keep myself under control. If you lie to me and try to evade me any more—I won't be answerable for what might happen.

FLORENCE (*dropping her voice—terrified*): What do you mean? . . .

NICKY: Don't touch me, please. Was Tom Vryan your lover?

FLORENCE (*in a whisper*): Yes.

NICKY: I want to understand why—

FLORENCE: He loved me.

NICKY: But you—did you love him?

FLORENCE: Yes.

NICKY: It was something you couldn't help, wasn't it?

FLORENCE: Yes, Nicky—yes—

NICKY: And there have been others, too, haven't there?

FLORENCE (*her face in her hands*): I won't be cross-questioned any more.

Frantically Florence tries to make her son understand that she is different from other women, but he denies her claim. She is just like other women, only she has never restrained herself, always done exactly as she chose. And what has she given him? Nothing but a life that is a ceaseless din of trying to be amused.

NICKY: It must be your vanity that makes you so dreadfully blind.

FLORENCE: Understand once and for all, I won't be spoken to like this!

NICKY: You've had other lovers besides Tom Vryan—haven't you?

FLORENCE: Yes, I have—I have.

The revelation leaves Nicky unmoved.

NICKY: You've always wanted love—passionate love, because you were made like that. It's not your fault—it's the fault of circumstances and civilization; civilization makes rottenness so much easier. We're both utterly rotten—both of us—

FLORENCE: Nicky—don't—don't—

NICKY: How can we help ourselves? We swirl about in a vortex of beastliness. This is a chance—don't you see—to realize the truth.

But Florence still fights off the inevitable—she is still young and beautiful—still capable of enjoying life. And then Nicky confesses his use of drugs.

FLORENCE: You must stop—you must swear never to touch it again—swear to me on your oath, Nicky. I'll help you—I'll help you—

NICKY (*turns away*): You!

FLORENCE: Nicky!

NICKY: Shut up—shut up—shut up—don't touch me. I'm trying to control myself, but you won't let me. You're an awfully rotten woman, really.

FLORENCE: Nicky—stop—stop—stop! (*She beats him with her fists.*)

NICKY: Leave go of me! (*He breaks away from her, and, going to the dressing-table, he sweeps everything off onto the floor with his arm.*) Now then—now then—you're not to have any more lovers; you're not going to be beautiful and successful ever again. You're going to be my mother for once—it's about time I had one to help me, before I go over the edge.

FLORENCE: Nicky—Nicky—

NICKY: Promise me to be different.

FLORENCE (*sinks to couch, tears running down her face*): Yes—yes—I promise.

NICKY: I love you, really—that's why it's so awful.

FLORENCE: No. No, not awful—don't say that. I love you, too. I wish I were dead.

NICKY: It doesn't matter about death, but it matters terribly about life. . . . Promise me you'll be different.

FLORENCE: Yes, yes, I'll try—

NICKY: We'll both try.

FLORENCE: Yes, dear. Oh, my dear—I!

She sits quite still, staring in front of her—the tears rolling down her cheeks, and she is stroking Nicky's hair mechanically in an effort to calm him as the curtain falls.

## EUGENE O'NEILL—HIS PLACE IN THE SUN

(Continued from page 7)

the awe-inspiring night with its unending shadows! And the harbor! Natives dripping with sweat as they load the low-lying boats! The red light of their torches! The flash of the fruit as it leaps into the hold!

No polished, clear-cut Galsworthy here! No intellectual Barker, conscious of an important message to the world at large! An Edward Martyn, perhaps, wrenched from Irish soil and planted on a blistered sea! A poor, unhappy derelict, looking through sad and jaundiced eyes upon the comedy of life!

For many of his plays are almost Tolstoi-like in their accurate delineation of twisted lives. Two, in fact, are scarcely fit for stage production. But neither was Tolstoi's *Power of Darkness*. Strindberg often affronted the public.

Even Tchekhof was barred at times.

It is difficult to give any living playwright his proper place. It is more difficult to place a writer such as O'Neill, who has only begun his career and is capable of developing power of which we can scarcely dream in our meager imagination. He is, without doubt, already the greatest of our younger dramatists. But where does he stand compared with the writers of England? Surely he lacks the polished style and the technical excellence of the late St. John Hankin. Even in his scenes of poignant pathos he never sounds those depths of reverence one finds so highly significant in the neo-realistic Masefield. He has no worldwide philosophy such as Shaw's and no clear-cut, flawless technique such as that of Galsworthy.



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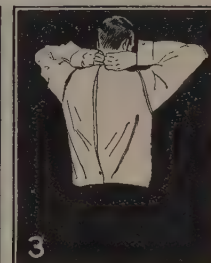
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## WHERE I GET MY PLAY IDEAS

(Continued from page 9)

be forgotten! I was at work before five; so few things to be done between rising and working. At home I could always delay the dreaded moment by cleaning my typewriter.

At St. Peter's, sitting beside a window that looked upon that Maxfield Parrish castle, with a mind from which ideas had not been crowded by daily duties, work was a siren. And, besides, I had no typewriter! I wrote until one, disregarding the German ten-o'clock breakfast, and then dined in my room, and went to walk and think in the mountains, or beside the river. At six I supped with the brothers in the bare refectory, where the tables were set as in pictures of the Last Supper; where the food was plain and rough, the service was performed by lay brothers in coarse brown robes, and it was forbidden to speak!

### MONASTERY MAHJONG

**L**ATIN prayers were intoned during the meal, but I think no one paid much attention; all were too eager to seize the opportunity of communing with themselves. You remember the man who gave two reasons for talking to himself. First, he liked to talk to an intelligent man, and, second, he liked to hear an intelligent man talk! The same vanity is mine! Do you ever reflect what a racket is made about nothing at dinner-tables? How much you hear that is of little consequence and say that is of less. Once more, crowding out the important thoughts. But I digress.

After supper all of us repaired to the great hall, where I saw that shuffleboard, and where I taught forty black-robed monks to play Mah-Jongg. I had explained the game my first night in the building, but despaired of buying it in Salzburg. However, I found *one* set in the village, and a shopkeeper who had been hoping somebody would come in and tell him its purpose. I loved playing with Father Joseph, the very picture of a fat and jovial monk, who said "Ping!" gravely every time he should have said "Pung!" and laughed uproariously when I called his attention to the error. "Ping and pung!" he would say. "Neither means anything, so what does it matter which one says?" The same thing applies to most conversation.

Also, I loved Father Richard, who had charge of the vineyards and the great casks of wine, some of them hundreds of years old, by which the monastery, now cut off from government help, pays its way. I tried to tell Father Richard about prohibition, but it was all "Ping and pung" to him. How *could* he understand—in a country where everyone drinks all he wants and no one is ever drunk? Father Richard asked me if I had ever seen a drunken man in my travels, and I was compelled to answer

that the only one was a camel driver in Constantine, who was a Mohammedan and prohibited from drinking. When I left St. Peter's, Father Richard wished to give me a dozen old Hungarian Tokay. I told him I should not be permitted to bring it into New York. "What!" he exclaimed, in open-mouthed wonder. "Not when it has been given you by a religious order!"

Myself and the completed manuscript of the play I had gone to Austria to write—*The Enemy*—left St. Peter's on a beautiful afternoon in March. My departure was not without excitement. I had tried to give the lay brother who had waited on me a hundred and fifty thousand crowns—about two dollars. He said he wasn't permitted to have money. I said a hundred and fifty thousand crowns were not money, and that he could send it to a relative. Whereupon he pocketed the bills, only to inquire of the abbot, in my presence, "Der Herr has given me a hundred and fifty thousand crowns. What shall I do with them?"

I was reprimanded severely, but, as a special concession, was permitted to give the abbot's coachman sixteen thousand crowns. The coachman was not a lay brother, he had been at my beck and call for weeks, and sixteen thousand crowns is only a little more than twenty-five cents!

### GEMS IN DUST HEAPS

**T**HIS matter of crowns gave me a good deal of thought on the way to Paris. An experienced traveler tries to take very little money from one country to another, but the few dollars I had brought from Vienna amounted to more than seven million crowns. For the first time in my life I was a millionaire! The only trouble, I reflected as I paid a luncheon check of well over a hundred thousand, was that my millions wouldn't buy anything. And then I began philosophizing. *Whose millions will?* Whether he possesses crowns or dollars, if a man has nothing within himself to give them value, the notes are merely rubbish. When their owner has bought, all he can eat and drink and wear, unless he has intellect and culture, dollars or pounds are the same as crowns or rubles, and billions are no better than hundreds.

I explained this idea to a Tyrolean who sat opposite. "Yes," he said, "but all the same, when crowns begin shrinking, when one's life-savings melt in the sun, that is a tragedy. The amount of your luncheon check—that is four times what I have just received from an insurance policy to pay the premiums on which I scrimped and saved for twenty years."

Five minutes later *that* went into my note-book and was expanded into one of the most important scenes in *The Enemy*.



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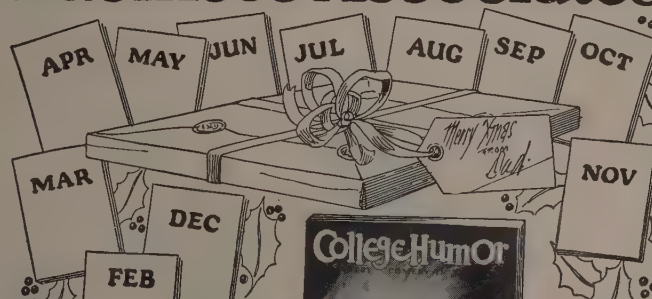
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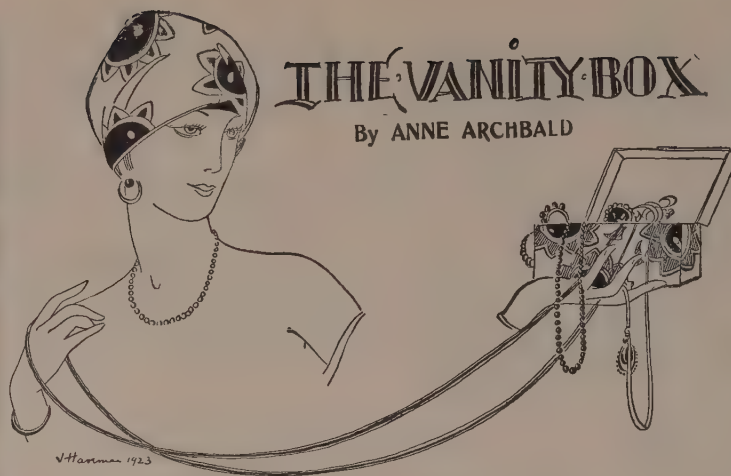
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YVONNE GEORGE, *diseuse*, is back in New York again, and New York rejoices. It is two years or more since, finishing her season's engagement with *The Greenwich Village Follies*, Mlle. George sailed for Paris, during which interval, all reports tell, she became the rage there, appearing at *Chez Fysher*, as she is doing now in its transplanted form underneath the Century Theatre.

Popularity and admiration, it is known, have very beautifying effects, and Mlle. George is no exception to the rule. "She is lovelier and more attractive even than when she was first here," advance reports came to us from those who had seen her before we were able to get round to it. And when we did, we found nothing had been overstated. Mlle. George's figure was more slender, her skin fresher and softer than ever . . . those blue eyes, whose color she deepens and brings out so alluringly with blue shadows around them, more appealing. . . In her ears were large silver balls, and her blonde bob was of the latest.

*Attirante* is an adjective peculiarly applicable to Mlle. George, someone tells us. And if you like it translated, we think it signifies a "drawing one towards you," perhaps the French for the Irish "come-hither." As to her art as *diseuse*, we could hold forth at length, but our column must be confined to the art of personal appearance.

For this we are enchanted to have as subject Mlle. George, who is Parisian to her finger-tips. It makes the information we are about to impart especially thrilling, since it concerns certain things which she confided to us she uses for her complexion. These are the creation of a Frenchwoman who started out years ago to be a physician, but finding in those days such a prejudice against women doctors decided to specialize on the skin, and created four preparations to make and keep it fair and young. She herself has used these preparations all her life, and though now nearing sixty, we were assured, looks no more than a mere thirty-five.

The cream in the preparations contains no animal fat . . . merely cream and milk . . . and the cleansing cream, called "*Lait d'Oesype*," is not in the least like one's conception of a "cold cream." It is really a thick, rich liquid, with something of the consistency of mucilage, though without the latter's stickiness. We were allowed to try this—as well as the three other preparations in turn—and it was completely fascinating, with the most delicious aromatic perfume. And how marvelously it penetrated the pores through its liquid quality and cleansed the skin, leaving a soft dull-finish surface!

After this "*lait*" comes an astringent called "*Eau deterstive*," which gives the combined impression on the face of ice and electricity. You can feel the skin beginning to tighten and pull together, and can readily believe the assurances of those who have used it for years that it positively prevents the tissues from sagging. It is an astringent and yet more than an astringent, for it is splendid besides for an oily skin.

On top of the "*Eau deterstive*" there is patted in and left to dry the "*Lait Mediana*," a cream lotion smelling of almonds, a skin nourisher. The complexion may have as a final touch a cream base to "take" the powder, which in this French "series" is of a beautifully fine and gossamerlike quality, and of course comes in the usual range of tones. Or the "*Lait d'Oesype*" and the "*Eau deterstive*" may be used alone.

Before Mlle. George came over this month she started to lay in a supply of these preparations sufficient to outlast her stay, but was delighted to be informed that as an agency had just been started here in America that was unnecessary. Whereby, mesdames, the same privilege is extended to you.

For prices and where these unusual French preparations, "*Lait d'Oesype*," "*Eau deterstive*," "*Lait Mediana*," and the *Finishing Cream*" and "*Gossamer powders*" may be found, write *The Vanity Box*, care THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.



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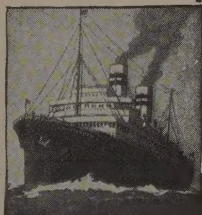
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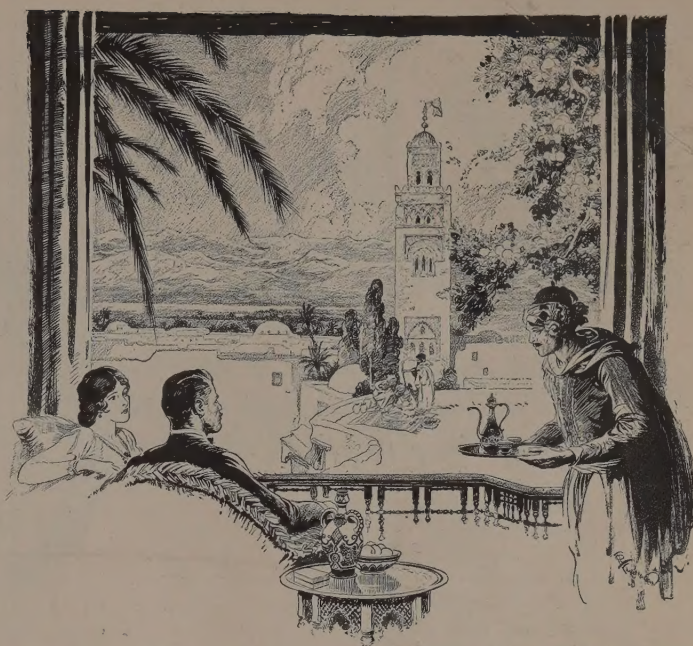
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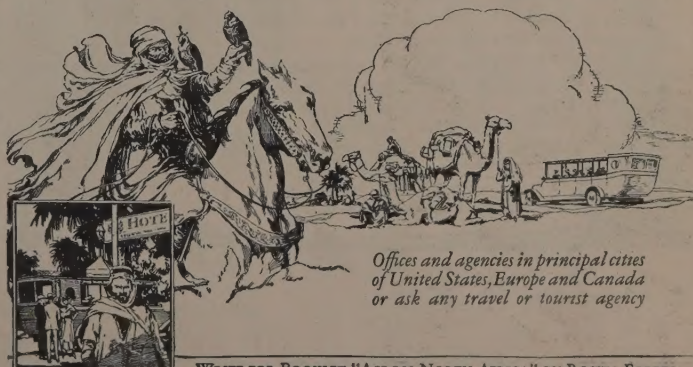
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## STAGE DOOR—NO ADMISSION

(Continued from page 52)

the most delicate of back-door arts. Mr. John Smith has sent his card to Priscilla Blossom. Priscilla doesn't in the least want to see Mr. Smith. Neither does she want to offend him. Wherefore Mr. Smith is informed by Smiling Eddie that his card has been sent to Miss Blossom and advises him to wait for an answer. Mr. John Smith waits and waits and waits.

"Miss Blossom is late," suggests Mr. Smith.

"I'll see what is the matter," volunteers Eddie.

He is gone for what seemed to anxious Smith an interminable time.

"She must have thought you were waiting out front. She went out through the theatre." Eddie speaks with what seems a wealth of sincere regret.

### FOILING THE "JOHNNIES"

FRED BAKER is Daniel Frohman's chaperon. At least he and the famous manager are the sole occupants of the Lyceum Theatre by night. When Fred Baker makes hourly rounds he always goes to the Lyceum Theatre foyer and glances at the private elevator on the west side of the playhouse that Daniel built. If the elevator is on the ground floor, Mr. Frohman has not returned. If it is aloft, he has betaken himself to his sumptuous bachelor apartments, which include the most spacious theatrical office in the city, in which apartment the manager sleeps on the floor to keep his spine straight. Mr. Baker, in twelve years, has seen a brilliant procession of stars through the stage door. He recalls that Billie Burke and Ethel Barrymore received mountains of mail. He was impressed by the vigilance of managers, one of whom stood at the stage door, the other waiting while the first met her at the door of her car and conducted her to the theatre portals, so safeguarding her from adoring matinee girls and males, who lingered in human lanes, on Forty-sixth Street, hopeful to touch her robe in passing or, blissful possibility, to win a smile from her.

A doorman who asked that his name be forgotten elected to leave one of the most dignified temples of art for mercenary reasons. He was engaged by a theatre that houses musical comedies. "I know that that is where the doorman's real money's made," he said. "The companies are bigger than in a dramatic house. Besides, I counted on the Johns to enrich me. Don't believe that the stage John has vanished. That's propaganda. He's plentiful and he's liberal." This stage-door guardian told me that the two most popular actresses in America are Lenore Ulric and Marjorie Rambeau. The barometer of popularity, he informed me, is the length of the line that waits to watch the star leave the stage-door and go to her automobile.

"What is the largest tip you ever received?" I asked the man who seeks fortune but not fame.

### BACK-STAGE PICNIC

"FIFTY dollars," he answered. "A limousine came up here one day. Out of it stepped a handsome woman. She came up the step smiling. 'You don't remember me,' she said. 'This is my husband. And those are my three babies. I've brought a basket of luncheon. I want to have a picnic in the old theatre.' We had a grand luncheon. Then she said, 'Will you let me walk back on the old stage?' 'Sure,' I said. Her husband and the children and I heard her singing. 'Do you want the lights turned on?' I asked. 'No,' she said. 'My imagination lights it.' We heard her for ten minutes speaking lines, singing snatches of songs and laughing. Her husband smiled. 'That's what really brought her here. She wanted the feeling of being before an audience once more,' he whispered. Then she came out. Her face was radiant. She thanked me. They all said good-bye. As they went out I heard her say, 'He was always good to me. Many's the time I have borrowed a dollar from him when I didn't have lunch money.' Her husband came back. He put out his hand. When I shook hands with him, I found a fifty-dollar bill in my palm."

## THE PERSISTENT PLAYWRIGHT

(Continued from page 18)

there is no propaganda. Yes, it is a tragedy, but it is full of laughs and there is a happy ending. I must add, in fairness to myself, that you are the first producer to see this work. I am sending it to you through the courteous kindness of my dear wife, who will stay all day in your outer office, if necessary, in order to emphasize three or four points which may need some elucidation, and to tell you that some of the prominent actors in America are eager to play the lead, but only if you produce it.

"Faithfully,  
"\_\_\_\_\_"

To the readers of this magazine such a letter may seem an invention. It is only one of hundreds that arrive in the course of the month's work. But how much less exasperating a let-

ter like this is than the person who forces himself, or, rather, usually herself, upon you with the brazen and false statement that she has been sent to see you by Heywood Brown or George Jean Nathan, who believes that she has written the great American play. She usually enters your office with a flourish that would make Lady Teazle blush, and possesses the volubility (without the wit or substance) of Meredith's Diana. After half an hour you discover that three years ago at a baseball game between the Giants and the Cardinals, Mr. Brown was pointed out to her by one of the red-capped ushers who knew her brother when they all lived in New Orleans.





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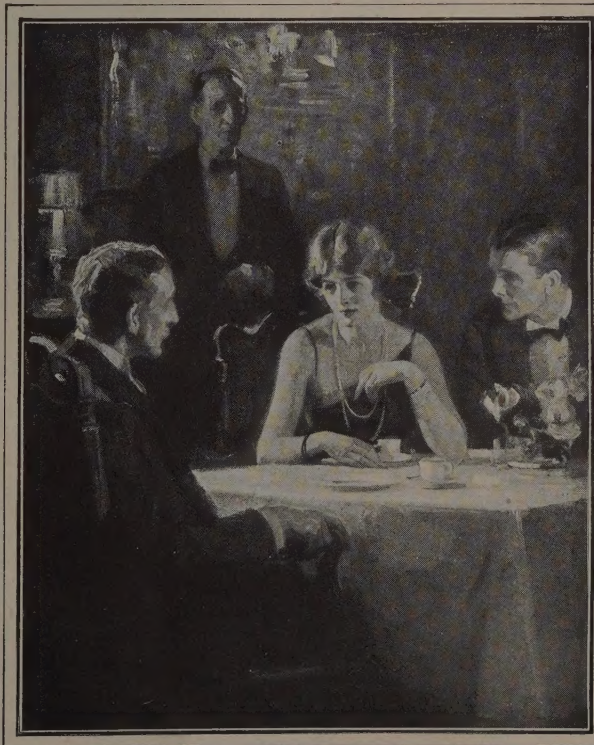
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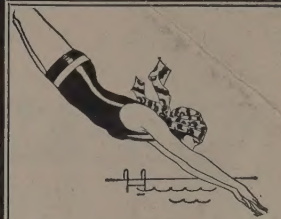
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(Continued from page 41)

work is efficiently carried out by Miss Ethel Rockwell, who serves as State Representative of the Bureau. Miss Rockwell has had wide experience in pageantry and community drama and has done a remarkable work in organizing and directing dramatic groups all over North Carolina.

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AN important outgrowth of this department is the Carolina Dramatic Association, organized to cultivate dramatic art in the schools and communities. The Association arranges a series of State-wide contests of one-act plays. The winning groups come to Chapel Hill to compete for the State championship at the time of the Annual Dramatic Institute, which is conducted by the Association each Spring. In these ways The Play-makers have reached out to the schools and communities all over North Carolina and are laying the foundations securely for the making of a real People's Theatre.

## MUSIC

(Continued from page 34)

omitted this final ballet, a ballet meaningless and false to the spirit that had gone before. This scene was probably invented to please the old gentlemen of the Paris Opera. These old gentlemen are long since dead, and it would have been well to have allowed the ballet to die with them. The moving spirit of the opera was undoubtedly Signor Serafin. In him the Metropolitan has at last secured a conductor of the first rank, a conductor worthy even to be mentioned in the same breath with Toscanini.

To turn from *La Vestale* to the two revivals of the opening week is a weariness to the flesh. *The Barber of Bagdad* was an unmitigated bore despite the efforts of Mr. Bender and Miss Rethberg. The music sounds today second-rate and the humor tedious to a degree. Even in the settings Mr. Urban failed to catch the glamor of the Orient. It was altogether a most pedestrian performance. Ravel's *Spanish Hour* was of course amusing, though not so amusing as when it was given a number of seasons ago by the Chicago Opera Company.

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